

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI

TORONTO, JUNE, 1903

No. 2

CAPTURING A MOOSE ALIVE

By Frank Carrel, of the Quebec Telegraph

"**G**OVER help capture a moose alive?" was asked me one day last summer by Colonel J. W. Baker, of Quebec.

The Colonel is probably the best posted man on Northern Quebec, or what is better known as the Lake St. John region. He knows every foot of the territory. He has spent a lifetime in the virgin forests and among the thousands of lakes and rivers, in hunting, lumbering and other pursuits. He takes a great interest in the Montmorency Falls Zoo, and had made up his mind to increase the interesting family of small and big Canadian game with a couple of additional moose. Hence the remark which led to this article.

There is only one way of capturing these kindred of the northern wilds, and that is to make a spring expedition into the north country and invade the moose yards.

The trip was likely to be one of hardship and endurance, and there was no telling how far the chase might lead the hunters. It was not a case of trusting to your rifle to bring

down your game. Circumstances and the weather were to have much to do with the success of the mission. The object was a novel one. I had roamed the forests in the autumn and winter in quest of caribou, deer and moose; I had fished the brooks, and lakes and rivers for the speckled trout and gamy Ouananiche; I had shot duck and grouse on the swampy shores of the Saint Lawrence, but never had I thought to take part in the capture of a live moose. Nevertheless, when the Colonel made the proposition I accepted.

Together with six other members of the town party, we left Quebec by train on the morning of the 18th of



THE PARTY OF HUNTERS READY TO START



FROM A PICTURE BY FRED MORGAN

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

WILD ROSES

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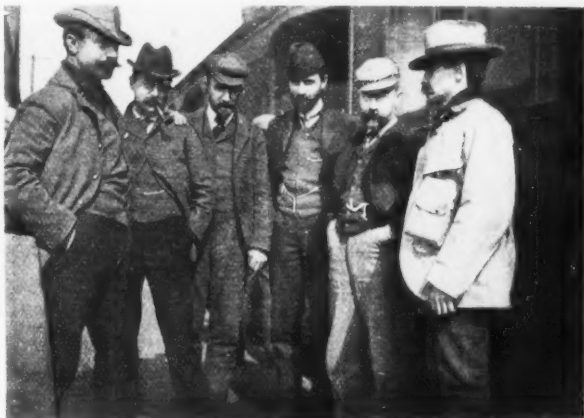
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THE PARTY OF HUNTERS READY TO START



PREPARING FOR A 15 MILE RIDE OVER LAKE EDWARD FROM THE RAILWAY STATION TO THE CAMP SITE

March last for Lake Edward, some ninety miles due north. With the expedition was an editor of one of the leading American sporting magazines, and a well-known sketch artist. They had come from New York to join in the hunt. We had also a veterinary surgeon to see that the captured moose should receive proper medical attention in case of any unforeseen accidents. This was a precautionary measure on the part of the Colonel, who is as large-hearted with the wild animals as he is with human beings. Living with nature so long has evidently tempered him in that respect. A hurried noon-day meal at Lake Edward station was participated in, and in a few minutes we were being rapidly driven over the ice to our camping grounds, some fifteen miles away. Our baggage consisted of two small canvas tents, a few provisions, and as small a kit as possible for each man. We had with us three fine specimens of half-breed Indian guides and a dog team.

The weather was turning

mild, and Colonel Baker wore an expression of grave doubt. He knew there was small chance of success should a mild spell set in, not to speak of the consequent discomforts to campers.

About five p.m. we arrived at the end of the lake and pitched our two tiny tents on a few sapin boughs on the top of the snow. The canvas of both shelters was barely large enough to cover the whole

party. Two small portable stoves were erected and fuel chopped for the night. By this time the rain was coming down in torrents. The guides made a large fire on the snow, which soon burned itself down to the ground, some six feet below. Our supper of ham, potatoes, toast and tea was prepared and served to us in a very primitive fashion. The rain continued to descend, and the wind blew a hurricane off the lake. It was



DRINKING THROUGH A HOLE IN THE ICE

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ENTERING THE WOODS

not a fit night for human beings to venture out, much less to be under a frail covering such as our impromptu and hurriedly erected tent.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, morning came, and our spirits were as buoyant as ever, until Colonel Baker announced that if the rain continued nothing could be done. It did continue, and we were housed all day in our confined quarters. Night closed in, and the prospects were anything but comforting. We knew that the mildness of the weather would make the snow so soft that all our efforts would be unequal to the fleetness of a moose should we come across one. We wanted cold weather to make a crust, so that Mr. and Mrs. Moose would be so crippled by cutting their forelegs against it in making their swift bounds over the ground, that they would be soon a helpless and easy prey in the hands of our party.

It was an anxious night. Nearing midnight, as colder weather was indicated, the Colonel gave orders that rain or shine, cold or wet, the party

would start on the chase in the morning. Breakfast was ordered for four a.m., and one of the guides was sent out to several lumbering camps with a request for volunteers, a handsome fee being attached for the work for one day.

The next morning quite an animated scene was witnessed around our camp. Seven sturdy lumbermen, mostly old guides, responded to the Colonel's appeal. They all knew Mr. Baker of old. In the glare of the camp

fire, about 3.30 a.m., the men came in, and although a disagreeable sleet was falling and freezing to everything, a hearty handshake welcomed them. No time was lost despatching the simple fare, which never varied at any meal from the time we went into the woods until our exit. It was about five o'clock when we made the start, and a picturesque start it was. The lumbermen and Indian guides took the lead on snowshoes, hauling an improvised sleigh, made to run on the deep snow and to withstand all kinds of hazardous pitches and falls. Two of the men with sharp axes kept in front of the sled, and hewed down trees and cut



A MOOSE HUNT—PREPARING MEALS

away underwood for its passage. When a ford was encountered large sapin boughs were laid across it to facilitate our passage.

Bringing up the rear of this interesting procession was our fine dog Boule with the paraphernalia necessary to attach the captured live moose to the big sled. Boule drew a small sleigh with wide runners girded with steel. This dog was a wonder. He seemed to have as much intelligence as any of us. He could pick out the best part of the newly-made and improvised path as readily as the old-time lumbermen, who were adepts at making their way on their great, big snowshoes. When his sleigh was capsized he would patiently wait for one of us to catch up and right it again. When he was compelled to stop while the men forded a stream, or climbed a hill with the big sled, he was the most interested spectator, and when all the trouble was over he would look around at us all and wag his tail most vehemently to show his pleasure at the success of the men.

We slowly made our way through the forests and over the frozen lakes. On the latter we obtained a sort of rest by taking off our snowshoes and walking on the ice in our leather, oil-tanned moccasins. When about three miles from camp we took the lead of the men and spread out through the woods looking for our prize. There was not a gun in the party, so there was no danger of shooting one another, as there would be in an ordinary hunting party in the fall.

Our instructions were simple. On finding a trail or sign of a moose-yard we were to pass the word along until it reached the Colonel, and then close in and follow it up. We had travelled probably seven miles before we came upon the tracks of our much-coveted friend, who had evidently deserted his yard at our approach. Then began the exciting chase. It had been raining and sleeting all morning, and not one of us was dry. We had walked through brooks in a foot of water, and our snowshoes were covered with frozen

ice. They seemed to weigh ten times as much as on any other occasion. Nevertheless we took to the chase in such an animated manner that we forgot our misfortunes and considered it great sport. Over the snow we ploughed, losing a shoe, pausing for breath, tripping on a buried twig, or sliding down an embankment. A warning signal came from the advance party, and in a few minutes we came upon a sight never to be forgotten. In a valley where a small stream wended its way to some large lake, and where the snow had been hurled into a bank eight feet high, we saw a magnificent specimen of the denizen of the Canadian wilds. It was our moose, a cow, and the poor animal was stuck fast in the big drift, wearing a frightened expression, and seeming to make a piteous appeal for assistance. She viewed our approach with terror. We at first thought her partner was near by, but he had evidently deserted her some time previous, as we afterwards learned by returning to the vacated yard.

Our prize was a beauty. She stood almost seven feet high and weighed something like nine hundred pounds. It was a remarkably large-sized specimen for the Province of Quebec. What struck us as being somewhat daring on the part of the Indian guides, was the self-confident manner in which they set to work when they started to harness the moose for her twenty-two mile ride.

Our near approach to the imprisoned animal caused her to pound the snow in front of her in a vicious manner. She apparently was in a dangerous mood. The Colonel called a halt until the party got together, and then we were told to form a circle and gradually draw nearer to the surrounded moose. This entailed considerable work, as we were compelled to cut down heavy trees and draw them closer to the object of the chase. After working for several hours we at last succeeded in hemming in our prize with a barricaded fence a few feet away from her. After this had been



THE CAPTURED COW-MOOSE
DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

done our guides secured a long rope, and one of them climbing on top of the barricade succeeded in lassoing the animal around the neck. The next move was extremely dangerous. Two of the guides went inside the pen and attached ropes in a similar manner to the animal's legs. During all the while the cow-moose was moaning and wailing in a piteous way. The scene was pathetic enough to test the feelings of even the veteran sportsman. The Colonel had come fully prepared with a splendid apparatus made especially for strapping down animals under such circumstances. It consisted of a large canvas band some three feet wide, which was placed around the body, and to which were strapped the fore and hind legs.

It was impossible to make her walk and this was the only means of transportation.

It was after two o'clock when we made a start for camp. Our noon-day

meal that day consisted of a cup of Bovril which was scarcely sufficient to keep us warm, notwithstanding the mild weather. The guides and lumbermen worked like Trojans hauling the sleigh with its heavy freight. How they pulled and tugged at the long rope attached to the sled! It almost seemed that they were working with superhuman strength. Colonel Baker walked in the rear and encouraged the men with shouts of "Hurrah! mes braves garçons," "Tiens, biens vos cordeau," and other encouraging terms which stimulated the haulers over obstacles in the road or up steep inclines. The progress homeward was extremely slow. There was not a man in the party who was not wet to the skin. It was growing colder, and our clothes and snowshoes were freezing up rapidly.

It was soon seen that we could never reach camp before dark. After three hours of as hard labour as man



PLODDING HOMEWARD

ever undertook, the Colonel brought all hands to a halt, and ordered preparations for leaving Mrs. Moose alone in the woods for the night. Axes were brought into service, and within a short time a box stall was built up with logs and boughs. The moose was turned loose in it, and we wended our way back to camp. We reached our

tents about dark, after one of the most severe trials I ever went through in the woods. All hands were completely tired out, and the Colonel remarked that it was one of the hardest days he had ever experienced.

There was very little said that evening. The candle went out at eight o'clock and the flapping of the entrance flaps of the tents and the pattering of the rain and sleet on the canvas were the only noises which otherwise disturbed the severe stillness of the woods. But the sleepers never heard it and the captive moose took her natural rest. The next day we returned to the pen to meet with an unexpected and serious disappointment. We found our captive had made an attempt to escape during the night, and in doing so had fractured a leg. The Colonel



A MOOSE-YARD AT MONTMORENCY FALLS PARK, NEAR QUEBEC

THE ANIMALS ARE THE PROPERTY OF HOLT, RENFREW & CO.

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gave orders to have her killed, much to our sorrow and regret. The weather had become so mild that we decided to give up the hunt, and accordingly returned to town, after a trip full of excitement, hardship, and ill-luck. A week later the Colonel re-

turned to Lake Edward, this time with better success, a fine specimen of a bull-moose, even larger than the one we captured, being his reward. It is now among the other large animals to be seen at the Montmorency Falls Zoo.



A MOOSE-
HUNT—
SERVING A
CUP OF
HOT BOVRIL

THE VOYAGER

BY INGLIS MORSE

SOFTLY down the iron-grey stairway
Of old Time I go to-day.
'Tis here that all the souls of Earth
Do wander, haunted by dark fears,
And quickened by some hopes of worth
Which serve to ease the burden of long years.

Here at the foot I rest
One moment ere I launch my boat
And float—
Far out across the silver sea
That girds the mystic West—
Out where the silent Tide of Life
Merges all strife
In vast eternity.



The UNCLAIMED BALANCE

BY PHILIP MARCHE.

IT was nearly four o'clock. The bank had at last shaken itself free of the public. Inside, the staff was busy cleaning up, sorting out and digesting the mass of business that had poured in through the tellers' wickets. In the "Holy of Holies" the Manager was seated at his desk, examining a pile of bills left for discount. It had been a satisfactory day, and the Autocrat of the Branch was disposed to be lenient in his judgment of the credit instruments stacked before him.

As each bill passed his scrutiny he would place his initial in the corner along with some cabalistic signs intended to convey to the instructed eyes of the discount clerks the rates of interest and commission to be deducted. Sometimes he would consult the reference book at his elbow when notes bearing unfamiliar names confronted him, and anon he would throw a bill out of the sheaf, frowning slightly as he did so.

He was interrupted by the entrance of the accountant, his lieutenant in the office.

"I don't like that man Talaver who opened his account the other day."

"Why?" asked the Manager, looking up.

"I think he's crooked."

"Do you know anything against him?"

"No, only his looks."

"He told me his account would be merely a deposit account."

"I took a draft from him to-day, while you were at lunch, for five thousand dollars, but we had been advised about it and the signatures were right."

"Well," concluded the Manager after a pause, and returning to his work, "if he asks for any accommodation we can bring the microscope to bear on him. See that they are careful with him out in the office and I guess everything will be all right."

Notwithstanding the accountant's suspicions, the account of Talaver worked smoothly. About once a fortnight he would deposit a draft for five, six or seven thousand dollars and gradually check the money out. These drafts were always drawn by the same eastern branch, which in every case despatched direct to the branch paying out the money a letter of advice describing the particulars of the draft that had been issued.

About four months after Talaver commenced doing business, the Manager was engaged one afternoon in handling the stream of discounting customers, always at the highest ebb about half an hour before closing time. The man Talaver had taken his place in the line at the Manager's door. In due time his turn came; he knocked and was bidden in. He presented an eighty-thousand-dollar draft drawn by the same office of the bank as usual. He explained that as he had purchased some properties in the United States he would want sixty thousand dollars in New York drafts—six drafts of ten thousand dollars each would suit him best—and the balance, twenty thousand in cash. And—he was nearly forgetting—it would oblige him and might save him some trouble in get-

ting himself identified if they made their New York drafts payable to bearer.

Calling a clerk, the Manager asked for the letter advising this draft. It was brought, and he scanned both documents. Not finding any irregularity and recognizing the signatures of the officials of the other branch, he rang for the accountant and instructed him as to his customer's wishes.

After everything had been prepared and handed to the teller for delivery to Talaver, the accountant, whose distrust of this man had been quieted only, not destroyed, continued his examination of the large draft that had just been honoured. An idea suddenly occurred to him. He quickly brought a magnifying glass into play upon the object in front of him. What he thus discovered excited him greatly.

In a twinkling he was at the teller's cage rattling at the wire door. "Have you paid that money to Talaver?"

"Yes, he has just gone out."

Hurrying to the Manager's room, the accountant blurted out,

"Talaver's eighty-thousand-dollar draft was raised from eight thousand," and staying not for explanations, he seized his hat and rushed for the street-door. He was just in time to see his man driving off behind a fast horse. A bicycle was leaning against the curb a few doors away, and the bank clerk delayed not to inquire whose it was, but straightway vaulted aboard and started in hot pursuit.

The man in the rig, although not aware that Nemesis was on his tracks, was getting away as quickly as possible on general principles. He had chosen this method of leaving town as the best for obliterating his trail and was heading for an important place, about forty miles south, just across the United States frontier, where it was his intention to commence the next day the operation of changing his drafts into money. He calculated upon having plenty of time, before anything was discovered at the bank, to finish his job and to disappear.

The accountant had strong surmises

as to Talaver's destination, but was unable to do more than keep him in sight as they tore through the streets. The chase rolled towards the outskirts of the city. The bicycle was an ordinary road machine and ran well, but the rider was not in the best of practice.

The leader was soon well out on the prairie, and the accompanying traffic had thinned away to one solitary horseman, also riding south, between the pursuer and the pursued. The road, or trail as it was called, stretched out broad, smooth and level to the horizon. The dark powdered soil formed a cushion of dust on the hard ground just thick enough to make the riding easy and comfortable. The man on the wheel now recognized that the chase might be a long one, and settled down to keep within the range of vision and to conserve his strength. He knew he was good for some hours at the pace, and counted upon Talaver's being obliged to breathe his horse before many miles were covered.

By-and-by the city was left far behind, and the solitary horseman had turned back. The trail had narrowed and now consisted of parallel rows of ruts cut like square-sided troughs into the earth. There was leisure now for the bicyclist to unravel the chain of circumstances that had produced so curious a result as this—his chasing a swindler away out on the prairie to try and get back seventy-two thousand dollars. Talaver's scheme was quite clear. Like the Bidwells in their famous and successful campaign against the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, he knew the value of a capital in ready money for carrying on the business of swindling. The genuine drafts he had been depositing and drawing out were for the purpose of lulling the bank to sleep, and of course as the money was drawn out it would be sent back to a confederate in the east to enable him to buy the next draft. But the letter of advice which came direct from the other branch through the mails had also been "fixed." That could be accounted for only in one way—treachery

within the bank. The swindlers had, describe. And the draft itself—he and no doubt, managed to obtain a hold the manager had been great fools. in some way over a clerk employed in They should have remembered how



"Talaver had taken his place in the line at the Manager's door"

the other office, and he had been able to doctor the advice before it was mailed, to make it agree with the raised draft which it was supposed to

easy it was to change an eight thousand dollar draft to eighty thousand—simply the addition of the letter "y" to the "eight," and an extra cipher in

the figures, and the thing was done. The bank had been depending too much upon that advice note.

But there was no use bleeding about it now. That should have been done before. The point was: how was he to get the money back? The man in

other at times while one or the other rode down into the dip between the undulations—they could not be called hills. The soil was becoming a little stony and the ruts were disappearing.

As Talaver approached a poplar bluff, or clump of small trees and



"He quickly brought a magnifying glass into play"

front would doubtless be armed, and he had nothing—not even a paper-knife.

As the accountant turned these things over in his mind the character of the country was undergoing a slight change. It was now rolling. The two men would be out of sight of each

shrubs set down lonely-like upon the prairie, he slackened his pace, evidently contemplating a stop. The accountant, who had come up closer, eased off also, to gain all the breath possible before beginning the momentous interview. They were about twenty miles out and not a soul was in sight.

While Talaver had been pushing on his journey, his thoughts had been by no means disagreeable, and he had been congratulating himself upon the success of his scheme. Not a hitch had occurred and the worst of it was over. By to-morrow or the next day he should be able to get rid of his drafts and then this name of Talaver, assumed for this business, could be dropped. He had not liked taking the drafts on New York as the negotiation of them would certainly add to his risk, but no doubt it was wise not to have asked the bank for too much in cash. He calculated that as it would be three days before his "raised" draft would be presented at the other branch, he would have that period as a start.

As the vehicle reached the bluff the driver shot a glance over his shoulder. That wheelsman was still behind! The persistency with which the fellow dogged him had got on Talaver's nerves. Doubtless he was some bicyclist bound for one of the small towns scattered every ten or twenty miles along the railway, but all the same he would let him pass ahead. Perceiving a patch of grass greener and fresher from the shade of the shrubs than was to be found on the open ground, he drew slightly off the road and got out to unloose the check that his animal might graze and rest for a few minutes.

The pursuer had come up quickly, and came alongside just as Talaver was reaching over the horse's neck. Leaping from his wheel and throwing it to one side, the bank man rushed to grapple before his adversary could draw a possible weapon. Although taken by surprise the swindler was not by any means to prove an easy conquest, and a pretty fight began.

Now this sudden commotion so near at hand most effectively startled the horse, and it plunged away at a gallop. The trail bent almost at right angles in the centre of the bluff. The runaway cleared the corner safely, but almost immediately afterwards one of the wheels locked with a stout sapling. The whiffletree snapped, and the

frightened steed tore away, dragging behind a debris of broken harness.

Neither of the men could afford any attention to the runaway, as all his faculties were required in the contest. The accountant was the stronger of the two, but he had put considerable energy into the twenty miles of hard pedalling, while on the other hand his adversary was fresh and untired. They wrestled, tripped, kicked and swore, the one trying to get at the weapon in his pocket, and the other doing his utmost to prevent him.

Unfortunately for the side of law and order, just as Talaver applied a dangerous trip, the accountant's foot slipped and he was hurled heavily to the ground. In falling the back of his head struck a stone with such force as to stun him completely. Talaver, although he waged skilful and deadly war against society, was averse to violence and had no wish to add the crime of murder to his misdeeds. His sole aim was to get away, with his spoil if possible, but to get away. As he rose to his feet he now noticed for the first time that a covered buggy in which sat a woman, alone, had entered the bluff from the direction of the city. She had stopped her horse and was gazing in a stupefied manner at the scene. Horror at seeing a man murdered, as she supposed, before her very eyes, had for the moment completely deprived her of her wits.

Talaver was quick to recognize this new circumstance as an opportunity to make good his escape. Stepping hastily to the horse's head he said: "I'm sorry, madame, to discommode you, but I must have your horse and will trouble you to alight."

She looked at him not seeming to hear, then started to shriek hysterically.

Having no time to lose, Talaver was advancing impatiently and threateningly to where she sat when another diversion took place.

A genuine Weary Wraggles had been recuperating his tired energies in a shady spot in the bluff. He had been awakened by the combat between the two men but felt no call to interfere—

his opinion in the matter being "The blokes kin scrap if they want ter. It aint no consarn o' mine." But when the woman appeared and the victor in the battle essayed to harm her, all Wraggles' chivalry and gallantry, long latent, started within him, and he leapt to the rescue. Talaver heard him coming and letting go his hold of the lines, turned, but too late to escape or ward off the blow from the tramp's stick. He fell to the ground.

This sudden appearance of Wraggles, brandishing his club, was a terror with which the woman was familiar and she understood. It cooled her hysterics like a dash of cold water. As Talaver released his hold of the horse, she thoroughly astounded that animal by giving him a most vicious lashing with the whip, causing him to dash off at the top of his speed, leaving the amazed Wraggles in entire possession of the field.

That worthy, true to the ancient traditions of his brotherhood, proceeded at once to take stock of the spoils that were his. First rifling the pockets of the prostrate combatants, he drew a blank from the accountant, but came upon some change and some papers on Talaver. Examining the papers more closely he found the six drafts for ten thousand dollars each.

"Oly Smoke!" he ejaculated, taking another look at Talaver, "'e must be a bloomin' millionaire."

Now Wraggles was man-of-the-world enough to be aware that the game of negotiating ten thousand dollar drafts belonging to other people was one requiring skill and *finesse*. He did not therefore congratulate himself very heartily upon this find. Next, he went around the bend in the trail to make an inventory of the contents of the stranded vehicle. The fastenings of the valise were smashed without difficulty, disclosing a bundle done up in paper. This he opened and the packages of bank bills—"twenties," "fifties" and "hundreds"—were disclosed to his view.

"This 'ere's better. Some chance for a pore man with them."

But the very richness of the find puzzled and half frightened him. Had it been a few hundred dollars he could have appropriated it with a far easier mind and lighter heart. But all this—it was too much.

"P'raps e's some most orful swell travellin' incog'—mebbe Peerpunt Morgan 'imself—an' if I snaffle it, all the cops in this here country will be onto me, an' mebbe 'angin' is wot I'd git."

While Wraggles was thus holding doubtful controversy within himself, our friend the accountant came to life and to the full possession of his senses. Looking round he saw Talaver prostrate, and remembering the episode of the runaway, got up and stepped to the curve in the road. Wraggles with his back to him was busy with the valise.

"Hallo! What are you doing there?"

This sudden call from one of the dead men had the effect of at once settling Wraggles' doubts. It decided him not to press his claims to the booty. So, resolving to be friendly, he turned his head slowly and unconcernedly.

"Hello yerself, Pard! Ben 'avin' a snooze?"

The accountant walked up to the rig. "Look here, my man! All that money belongs to my bank. The fellow lying back there euchred us out of it and was making for the Boundary. I caught him here and don't know what happened after I got the worst of it in a tussle with him."

"I kin tell yer wot 'appened, Boss. Yers truly, Wilyum Wraggles, bowled 'im over an' saved yer dough, an', wot's more, this 'ere job orter be worth some-thin' to an 'onest man in 'ard luck."

"It will be, Wraggles. You help me get this stuff back to the city and I'll see that you get a good penny out of it. But there should be some drafts too—big fellows," and the speaker started back towards Talaver to get them. Wraggles called him back.

"'Ere they are, Boss. I jus' tuk 'em fur safe-keepin', knowin' as they 'ad no bizzness to be where they wuz."



WEARY WRAGGLES INTERVENES

At this moment a rig with two men drove up from the direction in which the woman had fled. They had evidently been informed by her of the proceedings she had witnessed. As they approached they looked suspiciously at our hero and the tramp, and one of them displayed a pistol.

They pulled up to interrogate. It did not take very long to explain, and

the four were soon in an animated discussion as to ways and means of getting back to the city with the money and the prisoner. Finally it was agreed that one of the men and the accountant should drive in at once, taking Talaver with them. Wraggles said, "He guessed he'd hoof it," and promised to call at the bank the next day for his reward.

Everything being arranged the party proceeded to gather up the fallen swindler. Upon rounding the corner neither Talaver nor the bicycle were to be seen. Nor were they in sight upon the prairie. Darkness was gathering and it was not possible to see very far. Believing that his escaped prisoner would eventually be rounded up, and anxious to get the recovered money into the bank's vaults, the accountant elected to go right on to the city as had been determined. The destination was reached without further adventure and the money and the drafts safely locked up.

The bank was now in a peculiar position. It had got back all its own and eight thousand dollars of Talaver's capital as well. Talaver had besides some hundreds of dollars at the credit of his account. All the expenses incidental to the pursuit—including an indemnity to the owner of the wheel borrowed by the accountant, a substantial gratuity to Wraggles, and the cost of warnings sent by telegraph to the

chief cities and towns of the United States and Canada—were debited to Talaver's funds. The bank itself "remembered" the accountant handsomely. After all the above items had been deducted from the would-be swindler's balance there still remained the sum of \$7,841.09.

These events happened six years ago. As the Government of Canada in the interests of depositors and their heirs requires the banks to advertise each year all balances which they hold and which have not been operated for five years and upwards, Talaver's balance was last year duly published in the bank list.

We know that this was not his real name at all but simply one assumed for the occasion, and as there is a nice little term of imprisonment awaiting him just as soon as he puts in his claim for the money, the probability is that it will continue to show as an unclaimed balance for many years to come.

SEA-BORN

BY VIRNA SHEARD

A FAR in the turbulent city,
In a hive where men make gold,
He stood at his loom from dawn to dark,
While the passing years were told.

And when he knew it was summer-time
By the gray dust on the street,
By the lingering hours of daylight,
And the sultry noon-tide heat,

Oh! he longed as a captive sea-bird
To leave his cage and be free,
For his heart like a shell kept singing
The old, old song of the sea.

And amid the noise and confusion
Of wheels that were never still,
He heard the wind through the scented pines
On a rough, storm-beaten hill.

While, beyond a maze of painted threads
Where his tireless shuttle flew,
In fancy he saw the sunlit waves
Beckon him out to the blue.

POLITICAL HISTORY SINCE CONFEDERATION

By Norman Patterson



It is said that John Fiske was not only the most successful popular historian that the United States has produced, but also the most successful platform lecturer on history of his generation.* He tried his books from the lecture platform, and thus tested their effectiveness. The late Sir John Bourinot, undoubtedly the most popular historian that Canada has yet produced, followed a similar plan. When he had completed a chapter for some volume upon which he was working, he would arrange to deliver it as a lecture before Harvard or Trinity or Toronto University, or before some notable society. Its weaknesses, if there were any, would be developed by the audience or the press, and Sir John would benefit by both criticism and publicity; or he would contribute the chapter as an article to some leading review or magazine.

Mr. Willison's "Laurier" might have been treated in this way had the author so desired. Many of its chapters would have made admirable magazine articles or historical addresses. Indeed, the part devoted to a summary of Edward Blake's career in Canadian politics did appear first in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*. But Mr. Willison might have gone much farther in this direction and pleased many audiences and several magazine editors. That he did not do so, will, no doubt, lessen the sale of his book—though Mr. Willison is not the kind of writer who would worry over that—and lessen the influence upon historical thought which his excellent treatment of our political history must have.

Mr. Willison had little need to test his work, much less need than Sir John Bourinot. He has done a considerable

amount of political and after-dinner speaking, and has learned the art of entertainment to some extent. He has, which is still more important, tested his style of treatment in hundreds of editorials, which have been read and dissected by the best of his contemporaries. These two experiences, or this double experience, has endowed him with the quality which makes his history of the Liberal party acceptable to the general reader, and which makes each of his chapters a finished essay or an admirable monograph.

The second volume contains several such chapters,* notably:

- Commercial Relations.
- Trade and The Fisheries.
- Commercial Union.
- The Reciprocity Campaign.
- Liberal Ministers at Washington.
- The School Question.
- The Preferential Tariff.
- Imperialism and Radicalism.

In fact, the two volumes are a collection of bright, readable, comprehensive essays dealing with more than a dozen of the most important political questions or phases of our political development since Confederation. What he has to say about Mr. Laurier comprises only about one-fourth of the two volumes. This peculiarity of the work lends it an importance which it would not otherwise have, and makes it a most important contribution to our history—perhaps the most important that has yet been produced.

In addition to giving us these excellent essays, Mr. Willison sums up the careers of Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Blake, Sir John Macdonald, Mr. McCarthy and others, with a conciseness which is noteworthy.

*Professor H. Morse Stephens, in April "World's Work."

*The first volume was reviewed briefly in the March *CANADIAN MAGAZINE*.

One paragraph concerning Mr. Blake may be quoted:

"It was not Mr. Blake's fortune to lead the Liberal party back to office, but no one who examines the record will deny that he profoundly influenced the deliberations of Parliament, and contributed greatly to the maintenance of a sane opinion and a sound moral temper in the country. Mr. Blake has the mind and the genius of a great administrator. It may be that he is not so well equipped for the part of a leader in Opposition. In truth it seems an ill caprice of fortune which set this managing and governing mind to a long warfare in Opposition in Canada, and to a far less hopeful struggle for a weak and unpopular cause in the Imperial Parliament. It is doubtful if this continent has bred a more opulent mind than that of Edward Blake. He ranks with Webster and Hamilton and Beecher. His very first appearance in the courts gave the impression of great intellectual power and of phenomenal industry. His brief term of office in Ontario revealed political talent and administrative capacity of the first order. Throughout the stormy days of the Pacific scandal his voice rang through the country, and his stern arraignment of Sir John Macdonald in the great debate which closed with the Conservative leader's resignation of office in November, 1873, is one of the most overwhelming speeches ever delivered in the Canadian Parliament. That and many of his later speeches would take high rank in any Parliament in the world."

His personal description of Sir John Macdonald is admirably done:

"Sir John Macdonald was neither a popular orator nor a parliamentary debater of the first order. He was, however, a profound student of character. He had humour, adaptiveness, and readiness. He could break the force of an attack with a story or an epigram. He had that mysterious quality of personal magnetism which gives to its fortunate possessors a strange and mighty power over their kind. During the last four or five years of his life, his seat in Parliament was often vacant. He nursed his strength and avoided so far as possible the worry and fatigue of late night sittings. It was his habit to sit with his legs crossed and his head thrown back, with a jaunty air and an alert look, except now and then when some keen debater across the floor was pressing him hard, dealing square, strong blows at 'the old man and the old policy,' with perhaps a touch of bitterness in the words, and a keen knowledge of the old man's ways revealed in the method of attack. At such times he would move uneasily as the enemy pressed him close, toss his head, bite his lips, glance angrily back upon his followers, throw some taunt to his opponents, and at last come to his feet and retort upon the adversary. In later years he rarely lost his complete self-control. In

his angriest mood he was deliberate, and seemed as he faced his opponents to be cruelly and craftily seeking for the weak spots in the indictment. He did not always meet argument with argument. He had little eloquence. He had no loftiness of speech. He never sought to cover the whole ground of an opponent's attack. That elaboration of argument and exhaustive mastery of detail which distinguished the speeches of Mr. Blake is generally lacking in the speeches of Sir John Macdonald. In Parliament he rarely spoke to convince or win the Opposition. His aim there was to touch the party loyalty, and rouse the party enthusiasm of his supporters. He would often turn his back upon the Liberals and address himself directly to the Ministerialists. He would strike some happy thought, some sentence full of keen sarcasm or general ridicule, and with a shrewd look and smiling face and jaunty air, would drop the sentence with a shrug of the shoulders and a half contemptuous gesture that always tickled his followers, and often exasperated his opponents. There he would stand with his back to the Speaker, while the Opposition chafed at the cool but skilful exaggeration of their position, and the Conservatives cheered with delight, and wagged their heads and shrugged their shoulders in sympathy with the old man's bantering humour."

His treatment of McCarthy is severe. He points out that before Sir John Thompson entered Parliament, Mr. McCarthy was Sir John Macdonald's chief constitutional adviser, and intimates that the advice given was usually unsound. He admits that Mr. McCarthy was singularly courageous and incorruptible, but that "in his attitude towards Quebec, and in his handling of questions which touched the passions and prejudices of the French and Catholic people, he was often rash, impolitic and unjust in the last degree."

With regard to Sir Wilfrid, Mr. Willison gives a quietus to one misunderstanding. It has been thought by some that when Mr. Laurier was first chosen Leader of the Liberal party, that it had not sufficient confidence in his abilities to give him more than a temporary appointment. On this point Mr. Willison says:

"Mr. Laurier was not asked to accept either a temporary or a conditional appointment. It was he that fought against the acceptance of the office, and despite the earnest persuasions and entreaties of his associates, would agree only to a temporary appointment and a partial acceptance of the

authority and responsibility of leadership. He required that the advisory committee should continue, and insisted that he should not be put before the country as the leader of the party. He even pleaded that the action of caucus should be considered as strictly private, and that the fact of his nomination to the leadership should not be announced. It is no secret that he favored the appointment of Sir Richard Cartwright, and could only regard the selection of himself for the office as a grave personal and political mistake. He pleaded and remonstrated with genuine emotion against the insistent determination of caucus to force his acceptance, and withheld his positive refusal only on condition that the final decision should be postponed until the close of the session, and that in the meantime he should serve only as the nominal parliamentary leader in Mr. Blake's absence.

His closing chapter on "The Man and His Methods" contains his summing up of Sir Wilfrid. Two paragraphs may be chosen:—

"Nature was prodigal of her gifts to Wilfrid Laurier. He has distinction of manner, a gracious dignity of bearing, a rich, sonorous voice, flexible, vibrant and variant as the tones of a perfect instrument; a face luminous, mobile and responsive to all the human emotions; ample stature, erect, commanding and finely proportioned; a head like a sculptor's model, once crowned with a wealth of luxuriant, wavy locks, now thinning and falling back from a noble brow; ease and freedom of movement which suggest perfect physical development. He dresses with scrupulous care and perfect taste, as though jealous of all the advantages he has received from Mother Nature, and conscious that physical, as well as mental gifts, may be set to service. He has absolutely no petty vanity, and in all his relations with men and all his ideals of living he is a thorough democrat.

"There is something in the man which forbids undue familiarity, and yet absolutely nothing which prevents approach from the poorest and humblest. It is not the mere art of the politician which invites us to his side, when he is out in the country districts, the grey-haired, toil-worn worker in field or shop, but an innate goodness of heart, an unaffected love of his kind, and a profound appreciation of the worldly wisdom and hard common sense and sound political temper of those we call the plain people. In the districts of Athabasca, Drummond and Megantic it is these people who are his firm and intimate friends, and they would smile at the thought that there was nothing behind the relationship other than the mere concern of a politician to retain political support. His friendships are enduring and not exacting, so long as he is persuaded of the good faith of those with whom he co-operates. He is neither boastful of his own achievements, nor

contemptuous of the services which other men perform, nor jealous of the praise which other men receive. He is singularly free from prejudice in appraising the gifts and qualities of his political opponents. He rarely passes a harsh criticism upon Sir John Macdonald. He has always recognized the great difficulties which confronted the Conservative leader in the earlier period of Confederation, and the extraordinary skill and resource displayed in his treatment of hard and vexing problems, and especially his supreme capacity for political leadership. He greatly esteemed Sir John Abbott, and had a strong admiration for the high legal attainments and singularly clear and powerful intellect of Sir John Thompson. He overlooks Sir Mackenzie Bowell's extreme partisanship in respect for his rugged personal honesty and thorough soundness of heart, and he has unstinted admiration for the marvellous physical vigour and invincible courage of Sir Charles Tupper. The soul of loyalty himself, he looks for loyalty in his associates, and there is something like humility in his simple gratitude for the undeviating support he has always received from Sir Richard Cartwright. He served under Mackenzie and under Blake with zeal and good faith, unbroken by any fitful detachment or querulous repining over persistent ill-fortune, and if his will could have prevailed, Sir Richard Cartwright would have succeeded to the Liberal leadership."

Mr. Willison has thus added to the charms of his essays, pen-pictures of the political leaders who bulked large in the political movements of which he gives the history. The movements could not be understood without a knowledge of the men who directed them. Nor are these pen-pictures mere verbal sketches. Mr. Willison has considerable power of characterization based on an analytical ability of no mean order.

Towards these political movements and political leaders, Mr. Willison has preserved a fair, judicial and sympathetic attitude. When he condemns, he endeavours to do so justly and gently; when he praises, he is generous and magnanimous, without losing any of the signs of sincerity and honesty. He never descends to partisanship, though occasionally passing by weak spots with the journalist's adroitness.

It is to be hoped that these two volumes will be widely read. In any case, they will be indispensable to the future political writer and the future historian of this budding nation.

THE REVIVAL OF THE RELIGIOUS NOVEL AND DRAMA

By J. Macdonald Oxley



HE recurrent tides of fashion in fiction present a highly interesting subject of study, all the more fascinating because one may speculate with such freedom as to the underlying causes of their ebb and flow. It is but a little while since we were in the thick of an exceedingly animated discussion as to the respective merits of Realism and Idealism, the echoes of which have not altogether died away, and so long as Henry James is with us we are still in constant peril of being called upon to read stories and novels in which absolutely nothing happens save a most profuse expenditure of "dictionary words" deftly arranged so as to keep the reader in a condition of perspiring perplexity.

Some of us are perhaps old enough to remember when "The Prince of the House of David" was the most popular work of fiction in all well-regulated households, possessing as it did the immense advantage of being proper for Sunday as well as improving for weekdays. This worthy work had of course many imitators, and the distinctly religious novel enjoyed a great vogue for a season, but presently fell into disfavour, except indeed so far as it survived in the Sunday School and Sunday School periodical.

Within the past few years, however, there has been a decided revival of appetite for the religious novel, making this term wide enough to include the story which like "Ben-Hur," for instance, is mainly based upon Bible material, but has no direct religious teaching.

Toward this revival "Ben-Hur" itself undoubtedly in large measure contributed, and when its influence began to wane it was given a fresh fillip by the remarkable career of "Tarry Thou

Till I Come," a revamping of the religious novel "Salathiel" that had flourished and been forgotten forty years before, and was after all nothing more than the familiar legend of the Wandering Jew invested with more piety and less romance than Eugene Sue had imparted to it.

Since then we have had the "Christian" and "Master Christian" of those matchless megalomaniacs, Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, whose misunderstanding of true religion is to be paralleled only by their ignorance of human nature, and in their wake has followed a flood of less significant stories of which that recently published with Judas Iscariot as its hero, shows perhaps the most originality of conception, although it leaves so much to be desired as to literary execution.

The natural question is—what does all this signify? Is the interest in religious things so deepening and widening that the domain of fiction is henceforth to be brought under its sway? Or is it merely a passing phase of intellectual appetite which will presently be sated, and then the publishers will be loudly declaring religious novels a drug in the market?

Personally I am inclined to the latter view. That the world is growing substantially better I verily believe, but I have no faith in the permanency of a particular kind of fiction which depends for its life upon one special quality. Only the writing that makes a universal appeal refuses to be submerged in the dark flood of Lethe, and just as the dialect story, the "Sword and s'death" story, and the minutely analytical story have had their day, so will the religious novel, and from present appearances the turn of the tide is not far distant.

It was only natural that synchronous with the increase of interest in the

religious novel there should be a like change of spirit in regard to the religious drama whereof the most striking manifestation was the vast audiences attracted by the dramatic versions of "Ben-Hur," "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Christian."

One may, without any fear of contradiction, venture the assertion that many good folk who had hitherto eschewed the theatre because of conscientious scruples were persuaded, or persuaded themselves into patronizing one or other of these plays, although they would have refused to be present at a representation of "Hamlet" by however competent a company.

Yet who shall deny that as dramatic compositions the plays in question certainly fell far short of being masterpieces, and were for the most part enacted by artists of quite ordinary talent?

None of these plays are fairly open to the accusation of trenching upon dangerous ground. One would have to be supersensitive to accuse them of being either sacrilegious or even irreverent, but they inevitably inspire the enterprising playwright and manager to attempts at larger liberty with sacred things. The undiminished interest in the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau made certain purveyors of playhouse recreation eager for the experiment of a Passion Play in London or New York, and they were quite ready to provide it on a scale of splendour that would have completely eclipsed the simple accessories of the little mountain village in Europe.

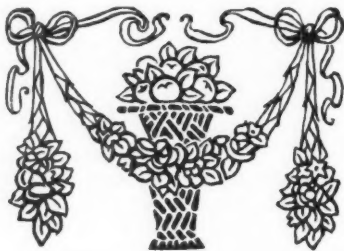
But to the credit of the authorities be it said that thus far these endeavours have not been permitted to bear fruit, and a dramatized Bible has yet to be presented to the public, save in our own city of Montreal, where it had a brief career upon the stage last year.

Mrs. Fisk's drama with Mary Magdalen as its central figure no doubt closely approaches the danger point, yet it seems to avoid it sufficiently to prevent the public conscience being sharply shocked. But it would be edifying to see how a performance of Lawrence Houseman's "Bethlehem—a Nativity Play" would be received.

I do not believe that there is anything to be gained, and I am quite clear that there is much to be lost by any larger license being allowed the stage in this direction.

The prime purpose of the theatre, after all, is to afford recreation, not to teach either morals or religion. That it is practicable to entrance large audiences, and at the same incidentally inculcate the joy of unselfishness, or the splendour of self-sacrifice, as is done by "The Message from Mars" and "The Only Way," is a reason for sincere congratulation, and goes far towards countervailing the obloquy of Pinero's problem plays, and the sundry scrofulous adaptations from the French.

By all means let our plays be pure, but they need not be either pedantic or priggish, and in regard to all distinctly sacred subjects we would say to the dramatists with an emphasis they should not fail to understand, "Hands off, sirs."



THE COMPANY OF LONGWOOD GRANGE

A GHOST STORY

By A. B. DeMille



SINGULARLY matter-of-fact individual, with very little belief in anything—least of all in ghosts—is what I have always considered myself. I am, therefore, the less able to understand that experience of mine in England. It is not a tale I am fond of telling, because it is generally greeted with merriment. But there is no harm in writing down what occurred, partly for my own peace of mind, and partly to let others judge for themselves.

I first met Sir Guy Longwood in Montreal. At the time I did him some trifling service, by which he seemed to set great store. A warm friendship sprang up between us, despite some disparity in tastes—he was a soldier and a sportsman, while my interests lay in financial matters. We went about together enough to appreciate each other's comradeship, and when he left he made me promise to visit him at Longwood Grange.

Several months elapsed before I was able to redeem that promise. Then, during Christmas week of a certain year, I found myself in London on business which could afford to wait while I paid a flying visit to Sir Guy. I had not heard from him, for we seldom wrote; but I felt reasonably sure of finding him at home, as he had the true English ideas about Christmas. So I sent off a letter and followed it to Longwood Grange, northward from London.

Those English trains have an oddly unfinished look after the weight and bulk of the American cars. But I was sorry to leave the comfortable compartment for the bleak December air outside, and the absolute emptiness of Longwood Station. For there was no sign of my friend or his carriage.

The station-master said he didn't know where Sir Guy was, or if he had been expecting anyone, or whether it was likely that he would send a man to meet me. He said that it was about a mile to the Longwood gates. Yes, the road was unmistakable. No, it would be better to go out to the Grange at once, but that there was no trap in the village.

There was nothing for it but to walk. I picked up my grip and started briskly towards the Grange through the clear cold of the late afternoon. It was Christmas Eve. Everything lay white with snow, which outlined in high relief the picturesque, old-fashioned houses, the rambling inn, and the quaint parish church. The way proved easy enough. Right upon the outskirts of the village the huge estate of Longwood extended for miles over hill and dale. The main entrance was but a short distance along the road. It opened upon an avenue two miles long. Overhead towered magnificent trees, and everywhere was the snow, now forming delicate fretwork along the branches, now stretching away endlessly over the fields and moors. Finally the road debouched on a wide terrace, and on the other side of this I saw Longwood Grange.

I recognized it at once from Sir Guy's description and the photographs he had shown me. And I looked eagerly for the well-known figure to come striding to meet me. But there was no sign of life about those long, irregular buildings, the sunset aflame from a hundred windows. I stood for a moment to gaze around, and the silence shut down upon me like something tangible. Longwood Grange seemed a bit of history. It was eminently picturesque—the battlemented turrets, the walls pierced here and

there for arrows, and the whole thing a medley of the architecture of half-a-dozen different periods. The place is very old, the first Baron Longwood having been a Crusader. Perhaps this atmosphere may account in part for what I saw there.

I crossed the terrace and mounted some huge steps that led to a front door of surprising dimensions. The heavy bronze knocker banged like a pistol-shot under my hand.

Soon came a creaking within—the scrape of metal on metal. Some bolts were withdrawn and one-half of the door swung outward a few inches.

"Who is it?" asked a woman's voice.

"Is Sir Guy Longwood at home? Kindly take him my card."

"Nay, nay," said the voice. "Ye don't get in that way. But let's see the card."

The card was evidently satisfactory, for there was the clank of a chain and the door drew slowly wide. A handsome old woman came out and inspected me closely.

"Yes," she said. "It's him. I rekernize him by the fortygraft in Mr. Guy's room." Then to me: "An' it's you, sir? Right welcome you are, and pity it is that Mr. Guy's not here himself to bid you welcome to the Grange."

"Not here?" I gasped—though I might have known.

"Why, sir, you see Mr. Guy's gone with the rest of the family to a Christ-mass ball at a friend's house nigh on to ten mile away. He *did* say as how he'd ride back after the ball, being as he heard you were in England, an' having a feeling that you might turn up at the last moment."

"But didn't he get my letter?"

"Well, sir, there *was* a letter come directly he left, which, I suppose, is yours. No, sir, he never got no letter. Theyv'e lef' James and me in charge (James is my husband, sir, an' head keeper). But if you'll come in, sir, we'll take it kindly of you, sir, an' make you most welcome, I do assure you."

The news was not very pleasant, but as I did not relish the long walk back to the village, I determined to spend the night in the Grange. The house-keeper—who soon informed me that her name was Granby—led the way through a huge, dim entrance hall and a bewildering series of rooms. Everything was in semi-darkness, and objects started out weirdly in the light of the single candle which she carried. I was particularly struck by the sudden apparition of a man in full armour with a gigantic sword, who stared at me from the wall. Only a picture, but I could not help glancing back. There he stood, the face revealed with odd distinctness by some wandering shaft of light, his fierce eyes fixed upon me. It was the picture-gallery, my conductress explained, and the painting that of Sir Guy the Crusader, first Baron Longwood, founder of the house.

Traversing several dark corridors we came at last to Mrs. Granby's bright lit apartments. Presently James entered—a big, sturdy yeoman, with Irish blood in his veins. He bade me welcome.

"An' did ye give the gintleman anny food an' dhrink, Missis G.?" he said. "Bedad, ye didn't. It's loike ye. Now, sorr, you sit down forninst the foire, an' I'll give ye a snack to the Quane's own taste!"

Which it certainly was. Also the liquid matters which accompanied and succeeded it. James and his wife had likewise some good stories, and in most of them Sir Guy—Mr. Guy, they called him—figured prominently.

"An' have ye seen the bye's pictur' in the Gal'ry? Sure, ye haven't," said James. "Thin we'll show it t'ye, so we will. Cowld? Bedad 'tis as war-rum as summer. It's mesilf that keeps the place well aired, an' it's the missis that goes t'roo it wid a broom. Sure I'll loight up, an' ye can come along after!"

It did not take them long to prepare things, yet the result was astonishing. The long corridors were a blaze of brilliancy, and the great hall when I en-

tered it was fairly dazzling. This was a huge place, with flagged floor and fretted roof. Down one side ran a row of stained-glass windows, charged with armorial bearings, while in the centre of the opposite wall was an enormous fireplace, with a splendid trophy of arms and armour above it, stretching clear up to the black beams of the roof. At the farther end of the hall I saw a canopied dais—a relic of earlier times—and around the walls were placed the ancestral pictures, all of heroic size and rich colouring that even in the oldest was but slightly dimmed by the lapse of years. Altogether the hall gave an impression of size and grandeur and brightness.

For two hours I went from picture to picture, learning from the graphic descriptions of James a good deal about the Longwood family. When we had finished the round, Mrs. Granby went to bed and James took me out for something to make me sleep.

"An', bedad," said he, "we'll have a foire in the Pictur' Gal'ry, an' ye can sit an' shmoke there. Sure," with a genial smile, "I don't mind if I have a bit of a shmoke wid ye meself!"

It was a happy thought, for James was a golden talker and a crafty compounder of beverages. He brought a small table—besides other things—and we sat for some time before the fire. We talked a good deal, I remember, and later on I noticed that the bottles were empty. I felt unusually sleepy, so James helped me to bed.

I was strangely restless that night and tossed about uneasily. Then I suddenly remembered I had left my top hat and umbrella down in the great hall. The thought came to me that it was very important to secure them. I put on a dressing-gown and slippers and sallied forth. After an adventurous journey I reached the Picture Gallery, and there, over by the fireplace, were the missing articles. I put on the hat and opened the umbrella. I don't know why I did this. At the time it seemed the proper thing to do.

The hall was in darkness now, save for the dull glow of the dying fire.

An absolute silence prevailed. My thoughts began to wander, turning naturally enough to the portraits that hung invisible upon the dusky walls. The descriptions I had heard were fresh in my mind, and I lay back in a chair and dreamed of them all—Sir Guy the first, founder of the house, and Sir John of Agincourt, and Sir Richard the Sailor, and Sir Lawrence the Cavalier, and Sir Peter the Bishop, right down to Sir William the Lawyer, father of the present Sir Guy.

At last I rose and kicked one of the logs into better position, so that a shower of sparks flew up the chimney. And when I turned, the whole wide room was flooded with moonlight almost as bright as day. Every detail stood out—the high emblazoned windows, the long array of portraits, the stately furniture, the dark-beamed roof. The dais, from its position, was the lightest portion of the hall; I could plainly see the Longwood coat-of-arms on the tapestry behind and the canopy overhead, and as I looked I saw something else that made me step back hurriedly into the shadow of the huge chimney.

It was the figure of a knight in full armour. Whence he came I could not tell, but there he stood leaning on a bright sword, the moonlight gleaming from his helmet and shoulders. Sir Guy the Crusader had come down from his picture-frame. He moved impatiently, and his armour clashed.

At this moment came an apologetic cough close to my elbow.

"Beg y'r pawdon, sir," said a smooth voice. "Mebbe you didn't know there's a meetin' 'ere to-night?"

I turned quickly, thinking James had come back. It was not James, however, but a short, stout man dressed in the Longwood livery.

"Why," I exclaimed in surprise, "I thought all the servants were away except James."

"So they are," replied the apologetic little man. "All the present staff."

"Then you are not one of the present staff?"

"No. I'm discharged, as it were."

"Then why do you wear the Longwood livery?"

"Well, sir, the fact is—er—I'm dead."

"What!"

"Dead, sir—a ghost, as you might say. I died about 1895. My name was Jones."

"The old master's butler?"

"Yessir. That's what I was."

I put out my hand cautiously to touch him. It went clean through his anatomy about the region of the sixth brass button on his waistcoat. I shuddered and drew back.

"And I came, sir," he continued as if nothing had happened, "jest to tell you that they are to hold a meetin' ere to-night. It's their custom, sir, every Christmas Eve."

"Who are *they*?" I inquired, anxiously.

"The other ghosts, sir. Yessir. But if you stay here in the shadow they won't notice you. You see, sir, some of 'em are rather short in their temper, 'aving no regard for a person's feelings."

"And what are they coming here to-night for?"

"Now that I couldn't tell you, sir, excep' that they gener'lly does so. Speakin' in gener'l, they each has 'is own part of the Grange through the year. And each 'as 'is own peculiar way of actin'."

"What do you mean by 'acting'?" I asked.

"Well, sir, take Sir Guy over yonder. 'E comes up and cleaves you with 'is two-'anded sword. That's what 'e does. And then some of 'em will happroach and groan in your hear—"

"Are there many of them?" I broke in, uneasily.

"Yessir. 'Eaps," was the cheerful response. "But there's on'y certain ones that is let happear."

The prospect did not tend to hearten me, and I gazed disconsolately across at the portraits of Barons Longwood dead and gone. Dead and gone? Even as I looked the second Baron came slowly up the room.

"'E ain't much account, 'e ain't," remarked Mr. Jones. "'E died in 'is bed, and that's what very few of 'em 'as done. But there's Sir John a-comin' up the room now. 'E died with 'is boots on, in a manner of speakin'. Killed at Hagincourt—notice anything rummy about 'im, sir?"

There certainly was something odd about the figure advancing through the moonlight spaces. Now he appeared like a tall and dignified knight, with a gleaming battle-axe on his shoulder, and now he seemed not a knight at all, but a short man in a buff jacket, wearing a round steel cap and with a long yellow bow at his back.

"Why, yes," I answered. "He's not—he doesn't seem—"

"Yessir, that's jest it!" interrupted my garrulous acquaintance. "'E doesn't seem like as if 'e was one man. You see, sir, in the fifteenth century there was a dispute about the rightful heir—some said it was Sir John, and others that the foster-mother 'ad mixed the babies up and that the legitimate heir was Jack Long the harcher. It weren't never settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. An' now, sir, what do you think 'appened? W'y, when they both died, a question of precedence rose which 'asn't been harranged yet. You see, sir, it's like this; the thing weren't cleared up when they was alive, and they both was killed at Hagincourt. Consequentially, sir, they cannot now both happear at the same time in different places. If Sir John wants to happear 'e 'as to make harrangements with Jack Long to remain 'invisible, and if the harcher wants to happear 'e 'as to ast Sir John not to step in afore 'e's done. They don't agree very well, Sir John and the harcher don't, so it's what you may call a complication. Jess look at 'em now!"

I could see how it was. Only one could appear at a time, and they had tried to compromise matters by making their mutual appearance half as knight and half as archer. Their difference in height led to an uncomfortable disparity. I was much interested

in the struggle for visibility, for the apparition's centre line, so to speak, was quite indeterminate.

"It's allus like that," said the butler, disgustedly. "They'll vanish directly, and try to come to some other agreement." Presently the figure did vanish. "They 'as a 'orrid way of acting," the butler went on. "Gits in your room and changes from one to the other with what might be called bewildering rapidity. It's bin known to frighten people bad—but I can't say as I think much of it. The others does better. . . . Yes, they've arranged it the same old way," he added, as Sir John suddenly appeared, battle-axe and all, and proceeded in a dignified manner towards the dais.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Why, sir, they'll take what you might call turn about. Sir John'll be visible for ten minutes or so, and then the harcher for the same lenth of time. But they're allus quar'ling about it."

Scarce was he finished when I had a practical example of what he said. The knight suddenly vanished, the archer appearing in his place with an innocent smile. Instantly he in turn vanished, and Sir John reappeared. But he was almost immediately superseded by the archer, who gave way again as quickly to the knight. It *was* bewildering, as Mr. Jones had said. Sir John remained visible this time, however, looking hot and angry. He went his way to the dais, and proceeded to make an obeisance to the Crusader. But in the very act he was replaced by the archer, who completed the obeisance and stepped to one side before Sir John's furious visage reappeared. The effect was singular—especially as the knight was evidently trying to project his own personality, and could get no farther than a very angry face and two legs in full armour. The rest of the figure was Jack Long.

"That's allus the way!" sighed my companion. "They *will* not agree, them two. But look, sir, at this 'ere gen'leman coming now."

He pointed to a man just stepping from the shadow at the farther end of

the hall. A gallant figure, this—feathered cap, short cloak, bright steel breastplate, long boots and sword. He walked with an indescribable swing that revealed his calling.

"That's Sir Richard the Sailor," explained the butler. "'E lived in 'Lizabethian times and fought against the Spanish Harmada. 'E was afterwards be'eaded by a ungrateful king. Dreadful thing, that, sir! But 'e, now, 'e 'as a way with 'im as anyone might be proud of. 'E comes at midnight and bends over you till you waken, and then 'e lets 'is head fall on you and drips blood. That's what I calls harchistic, sir!"

"And where does *he* reside?" was my nervous inquiry.

"Oh, 'e's over in the West Wing. That's 'Lizabethian, you know, sir."

Sir Richard swung up the long hall to his place on the dais. Then a striking form appeared beside a window opposite—a man with flowing hair and gay slashed dress and a richly ornamented sword. Advancing gracefully, plumed hat in hand, he bowed low to the company on the dais. Sir Lawrence the Cavalier, I thought.

"Yessir," was the answer to my question. "That's 'im."

"And what does *he* do?"

"Well, reely, sir, now—I—you see—if you *ast* me, sir, 'e sets and sings songs by the winder in the moonlight."

"And where's the harm in that? He must be rather a pleasant sort of ghost to meet."

"Ah, yes, sir. But—well, 'e was a Cavalier, and 'e knew Chawles Second and was a pal o' the Hearl o' Rorchester, and 'is songs reely *are*—! and it's never no use to shut your ears, sir, for 'e'll come and sing *loud*, so as you can't help hearing 'im. And 'e gener'ly sings the worst parts over twice." The speaker shook his head despondently. "'E stays up in the big west tower—that was added in 1660, sir. 'E don't roam much; but when 'e does—well, its really hawful, sir, 'is songs, and 'is langwidge!"

All this time the company was gradu-

ally increasing, while I watched from the dark corner. The silence for a time was disturbed only by the faint movement of those who advanced through the moonlight. The Crusader stood forth prominently, an imposing sight.

But the voice of my irreverent companion broke in upon my thoughts.

"You see that gen'leman, sir?" indicating a new arrival dressed in black with well-turned calves, which showed to advantage. "That there's Sir Peter the Bishop. 'E was Eighteen Century, sir."

"And what does he do?"

"'Im? Oh, 'e comes and preaches 'is own sermons at your bedside in the heary morning. Bad taste, I says. They was pretty long sermons in those days, sir. 'E lives in the Georgian portion of the Grange."

Sir Peter went his way in the odour of sanctity, and presently there was a stir among the company about the dais. They all seemed to be looking towards me. I turned nervously to my companion, but he had somehow disappeared. These ghosts are so disconcerting.

"Who is this stranger?" It was the Crusader's deep voice.

"We know not!" came the murmured response.

"He must die!" shouted the Crusader. "Let us hunt him to his doom!"

They came on at once. In front strode the Crusader, his great sword describing circles in the air. Sir Richard tossed up his head, caught it, and poised it to throw at me. The Knight and the Archer began to do their transformation act. I heard the first few lines of one of Sir Lawrence's songs—it was all that Mr. Jones had said.

And the Bishop gave out the text of his sermon. An umbrella and a top hat seemed inadequate protection against these things. I turned and made for the door.

They followed with roars of laughter. Sir Richard's head whizzed past my own. The Crusader's clanking tread was close behind me. Suddenly I stumbled against something and fell to the floor. This, then, was the end. Shutting my eyes and waving the umbrella, I shrieked for mercy. But that cruel laughter continued.

Very cautiously I opened my eyes. In some mysterious way—I could not imagine how—broad day had come. I lay prone amidst fragmentary glass, the table beside me. Sir Guy stood above me in his riding things, convulsed with laughter.

"By Jove, old man!" was his greeting. "You *have* made a night of it!" I sat up and looked at him.

"H'm," I said. It seemed a safe remark.

"Well," he continued, his eyes twinkling, "I'm jolly glad to see you, anyway. Come upstairs and have a soda. It will set you up."

"Set me up?" I repeated with dignity. But dignity counts for nothing in a dressing-room and a ruined top hat. I rose sadly and followed him.

Of course I knew what he thought, and explained the real state of affairs carefully and at great length. But it was no use. My friend has a robust sense of humour.

The visit turned out delightfully. Sir Guy was a royal host. We spent a royal Christmas. He invented one utterly nonsensical toast, however, and drank it every day:

"Old chap, here's to the Company of Longwood Grange!"



THE INCORPORATION OF TRADES UNIONS

By John G. O'Donoghue, B.C.L., LL.B.



IN the February number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE one view of this question is presented, and the conclusion arrived at is that trades unions should be incorporated; but, inasmuch as one side only is considered, the conclusion reached may at once be considered lacking in finality.

Professor Shortt's article is introduced by some glittering generalities that can well be urged as a base for many other propositions than those that are built upon them and, therefore, they may be dispensed with for the present as bearing neither one way nor the other upon the point at issue. For instance, Prof. Shortt says:

"What the whole of society comes to depend upon cannot be permitted to be put in jeopardy, much less suspended, through the caprice of private or sectional interests, hitherto eluding responsibility."

No doubt what he had in mind (if one may judge from the tenor of his article) was, e.g., the transportation facilities of a country brought to a standstill through the operations of a strike by employees. In his view, a strike is the result of the "caprice of a private and sectional interest," and he assumes that the power that initiates a strike has been "hitherto eluding responsibility." But the proposition would apply without difficulty to the operation of a trust dealing with the food or fuel supply of the community, and as trusts have practically brought society to depend upon them, Prof. Shortt would brook no interference with them lest they be put in jeopardy or, perhaps, indefinitely suspended. This reduction to absurdity shows that the proposition has been stated too broadly, and that, evidently, it requires modification in many ways. It cannot, therefore, be accepted as a sufficient premise for the remainder of his article.

He further says:—

"No society, therefore, which values its stability can afford to allow organizations to flourish within it whose actions are assumed to be beyond the law. Yet, in the course of their development, the modern trades unions have, in many respects, reached a condition under which, without admitting responsibility to the law, they undertake to make laws of their own which, both in themselves and in their method of enforcement, endanger the peace and welfare of society."

More particularity would assist the general public in determining the vital question under discussion. Applying the statement to trades unions, where are the unions "whose actions are assumed to be beyond the law"? What laws of its own has any trade union made which, without admitting responsibility to the law, both in themselves and in their methods of enforcement, endanger the peace and welfare of society? If Prof. Shortt can name one law of a trade union of the character referred to, supporters of the present status of trades unions will concede that incorporation may be a necessity.

The attraction that a simile presents has drawn from Prof. Shortt the statement that modern trades unions "like ruthless invaders, regardless of anything but their ultimate object, take forcible possession of whole provinces, wasting their substance and paralyzing their industry simply with a view to forcing concessions from a few of their more or less wealthy inhabitants," and on behalf of society, he advises them that their methods of "barbarism" must cease; that the State has provided a "complete system of civil government" for the settlement of disputes, and that trades unions must abide by this system.

The contention that trades unions should be incorporated may be supported without such statements as those last quoted. There may be reas-

enable arguments to support the affirmative—arguments that do not require the aid of far-fetched similes, extravagant language and assumptions of fact and incorrect allegations. No one but a rabid anti-trades unionist will believe that trades unions pursue their ultimate object without regard for the rights and liberties of others. They err at times in their judgment, and at other times make statements that rival those quoted above for inaccuracy; but, withal, whether they wish it or not, the conditions that surround them render regard for the welfare of others absolutely necessary. It is assuming a little too much when the "barbarism," i.e., assaults, intimidation and like acts that sometimes accompany strikes, is attributed *in toto* to the unions. The best evidence available on the subject indicates that any moderation shown on occasions of the kind can be traced to the influence of trades unions and their leaders, and Prof. Shortt's allegations and recommendations lose their force, therefore, when it is seen that they are derived from presumptions of fact that are altogether devoid of existence.

The State has not provided "a complete system of civil government for the settlement of disputes." That idea was harboured by the Common Law Judges in very early days in England, but the growth of the Court of Chancery was an answer to the fixed views of the Common Lawyers and Judges. Society is progressive. The law is always behind the needs of the people. As new conditions arise, new rights are acquired, new breaches occur and new remedies have to be devised. Parliament is now considering the advisability of enacting legislation for the settlement of disputes by arbitration to meet some of these new conditions, and thus we see that we have not yet "a complete system of civil government . . . for the settlement of disputes."

Many other inaccuracies and exaggerations appear in the course of the article, but why refer to them? Most of them can be found in the evidence

of the operators before the Commission that investigated the great coal strike, with this difference, that the operators are not so satisfied as Prof. Shortt appears to be, that the violence and crime that accompanied the strike were attributable to the trades unions. On the contrary, they recognize that the lawless element in every community takes advantage of social disturbances to break the law and despoil the honest citizen.

The plain statement of the case for the incorporation of trades unions is that, as they act as organized bodies and enjoy as such certain rights and privileges, they should be held responsible civilly as organized bodies, and should have imposed upon them the duties incident to their position; that a legal status should be given them so that, when the union acts as a union, its funds should be available to recoup one who has been civilly injured by the acts of the union. The proposition appears a fair one at first blush, and will strike superficially-minded people in that way. What reasons can be urged against it?

When unions were first organized, the funds were utilized to meet the legitimate expenses of the union, e.g., rent, fuel, stationery, and so on. In the course of time it became advisable and desirable to make provision for members who were out of employment through sickness or other cause. Then superannuation, old age and death benefits were added, and statistics show that among the English trades unions but a very small portion of the funds is expended in connection with strikes, the greater part going for the benefits already named and for the maintenance and support of the widows and orphans of deceased members. It is this fund that is in jeopardy, and it is to protect those vitally interested in it that opposition is made to the proposition for the incorporation of trades unions.

So far as the law generally is concerned, ample provision is made in the Criminal Code for the protection of society, and the law is positively too

stringent in that respect in Canada, because it does not permit workmen peacefully to invite other workmen to assist them in a contest that may mean life or death to the employee. The English law allows that, and very properly so, or else our boasted freedom is a myth.

For breach of contract and kindred civil injury, the employer has his civil remedy against the individual who interferes with him. The provisions of our law are adequate and ample in that regard. An execution following a judgment against a workman may be returned *nulla bona*, but all the laws in creation cannot change that condition of affairs, because incorporation is no guarantee of solvency, as we see day after day in the case of incorporated companies.

If non-incorporation is such a crying evil, why has not the agitation extended to clubs and like bodies? The incorporation of companies does not protect employees from boycott and the evils of the "black-list."

There is the further fact that in Ontario not one trades union can be named that, after entering into an agreement with an employer for the observance of certain rules, etc., by its members, has deliberately violated it. This is a bold statement to make, but I challenge proof to the contrary.

The English Trades Union Act, 1871, was the embodiment of the report of the minority of the Royal Commission on Trades Unions. That minority reported against incorporation, and the reasons that impelled that report obtain as strongly now. Parliament has refrained from doing more

than invite unions to register, and as Parliament is the voice of the nation, we must assume that the present condition of affairs is satisfactory to a vast majority of the people, and that no change will be made until a strong case is made out showing the necessity for it.

Hon. Clarence S. Darrow, who was counsel for the United Mine Workers recently, before the Arbitration Commission, succinctly states the case thus:

"The demand that trades unions should be incorporated is based upon the assumption that they should be made legally responsible for contracts. It is made by a class of men who have persistently refused to contract with them, or to recognize them, or to have anything to do with them except to oppose and vilify them. The great corporations hire their lawyers by the year. They, of course, deal only in high-priced lawyers, who are trained in all the subtleties of the law and understand the intricate mazes of the court. Their salaries are paid regardless of the amount of service they contribute to their employers. It costs the corporation nothing to be constantly in court.

"These high-priced railroad and other corporation lawyers would be ever ready to pounce upon the labor corporations at every opportunity that was offered. There is not a single labour organization that could keep out of the hands of a court for one year of its existence, if it ever consented to become incorporated.

"All sorts of suits would be brought against labour unions, suits for real grievances and suits for imaginary grievances. Every court would be kept open for their undoing. The result would be that these labour organizations would be compelled to employ high-priced lawyers. They would be mulcted in expenses, which would be a greater burden than they could possibly sustain. The end would be speedy. A judgment rendered against a corporation and remaining unpaid would call for the appointment of a receiver or a petition in bankruptcy."

HAMLET

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

HE would see all, this thinker! He would see
The morn of life, the deep of mystery;
He sees, and he is silent: Love and Hate
Sink into nothing while he stares at Fate.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

By A. J. McDUGALL

FIFTY years of life together !
 Dearest, lay your hand in mine ;
 List, this is our Golden Wedding
 With its radiance divine.
 Fifty years of storm and sunshine—
 Fifty years of faith and love—
 Fifty years of life together,
 Thanks to Him who reigns above.

When I wooed you in your beauty
 And our lives were in their Spring,
 When we pledged our love in union
 And I sealed it with this ring,
 Heaven itself was dimmed in vision
 By the rapture in my breast;
 But to-day my love is stronger—
 Fifty years has been its test !

When upon your brow descended—
 From God's hand the gift came down—
 Woman's regal right of mother,
 Royally you wore the crown.
 Dearest, how I loved you, loved you
 With a strength I scarce dared own,
 Fervid with a strong man's passion—
 Wife, that love has greater grown !

Midst your hair the threads of silver
 Came as years they slipped away,
 But our lives were bound more closely
 By the love-links forged each day.
 Stalwart sons and gracious daughters
 Were the gifts you gave to me,
 I had but my love to offer—
 Still its incense circles thee !

Fifty years of life together !
 Close, ah, close the shadows steal,
 And our feet the river's margin
 Touch unnoticed as we kneel.
 Closer, closer, let your heart-beats
 Throb with mine this glad to-day—
 Fifty years of life together !
 Storm or sunshine, *Love held sway !*



NEW WESTMINSTER, ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE FRASER RIVER, B.C.

THE ROMANCE OF NEW WESTMINSTER

By George H. Morden

NEW WESTMINSTER was created at the mandate of the Colonial Office of the Imperial Parliament, for purely political purposes, as the future capital city of the frontier British American Colony, while the particular location was chosen from purely strategic considerations. It thus happens that this city was the prime factor in the early history of the mainland of British Columbia. She is the centre about which cluster the potential events in the making of one of the most important chapters of political beginnings in our Pacific Province.

In the year 1858 the discovery of gold in the sands of the Fraser River caused a large and sudden influx of population, chiefly from California, Washington and Oregon. A conservative estimate places the aggregate of this immigration at 60,000 persons.

At this time Vancouver Island and New Caledonia (the name by which the mainland was then known) constituted a Crown Colony under the gubernatorial control of Sir James Douglas, Hudson's Bay Co. Factor at

Victoria, who was assisted by an executive council. The council's powers were confined to the Island, while all the administrative business of the mainland was conducted by direct proclamation of the Governor. In November, 1858—owing, presumably, to this great and sudden increase in the population, together with the difficult conditions which developed relative to the preservation of law and order—the Hudson's Bay Co. charter was expunged and the Imperial Parliament took entire control of the Colony, both Island and mainland, under the name of British Columbia. Sir James Douglas was appointed Governor, with a staff of officials for the administration of the affairs of government.

Synchronal with these changes, and as a part of the plan to be carried to completion, was the adoption by the Colonial Office of the recommendation of Sir Bulwer Lytton, the then Colonial Secretary, that a corps of Royal Engineers be despatched to the Colony. This corps was composed of volunteers for this commission, who were segregated from the British army under a special agreement, to the effect that



NEW WESTMINSTER—COLUMBIA STREET BEFORE THE FIRE

upon the completion of seven years' service in the Colony they would receive their discharge with the privilege of remaining abroad or of receiving free passage to England as each person might elect. The corps, when finally completed, numbered two hundred and thirty picked men, and comprised a little world in itself, containing in its ranks representatives of every trade or profession necessary to a properly organized community. Their duties as formally enumerated were, to explore the country, to construct roads and assist by every means in the development of the Colony, and to perform civil or military duties as might be required. The command of the corps was entrusted to Colonel Moody.

The corps proceeded to the Colony in two detachments, with an interval of several months between their time of departure, Colonel Moody travelling with the second contingent. Upon the arrival of the first detachment at Victoria, Governor Douglas decided to employ them at once in locating a townsite on the Fraser, where might be built the future capital of the Colony. The site chosen was situated on the south side of the river, some thirty miles from its mouth and was eventually named "Derby." When Colonel

Moody arrived on the scene he found that the townsite had been platted, a sale of lots had been held and several governmental buildings had been erected. The location, however, did not meet with his approval. He raised strenuous objections to it as lying on the wrong side of the river, as being too far from the mouth of the river, and as being altogether too adjacent to the territory of a foreign power, from which it was absolutely devoid of any natural protection. He was not a man to be easily turned aside in the exercise of his rightful authority, and he proceeded to alter the map by seeking a situation for the capital city more in harmony with his ideas of the fitness of things. Moving some fifteen miles nearer the mouth of the river, he found in the present site occupied by New Westminster, a location that answered what he believed to be the requirements of the case, and here at his orders was cleared and platted a townsite destined, in the estimation of all who participated, to become the capital city of British Columbia.

The first public sale of town lots was held at Victoria, in the month of June, 1859, the property meeting with such ready sale and excellent prices that the proceeds of that day were



NEW WESTMINSTER—COLUMBIA STREET AFTER THE FIRE

PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMPSON—BY PERMISSION

ninety thousand dollars. Those who had purchased lots at unfortunate "Derby" were allowed the amount of purchase money already advanced, on any purchases made in the permanent city.

Approaching the mouth of the Fraser from the sea, its neutral waters are seen to roll into the blue depths of ocean through several channels flowing between the islands which constitute the Fraser River delta. These finally resolve themselves into two channels, following either of which you continue your way past one of the most productive and prosperous farming sections of a continent—only one who has actually visited this phenomenal Fraser River Valley, and has studied for himself the accompanying features, can form any adequate estimate of its wonderful fertility and its most enviable advantages—until, at a distance of fifteen miles from the Gulf, you clear the eastern end of Lulu Island and glide out upon the united waters of this magnificent stream. At this point the river is of moderate current and varies in width from one-third to one-half of a mile. The southern shore stretches away in straight and unbroken line, while the northern shore, at a dis-

tance of perhaps half-a-mile up the river, is cut away into a considerable indentation and then advances again in a regular and majestic curve, so that immediately before you lies a commanding breast of river bank, occasional glimpses of whose rising terraces have been visible for a distance of ten miles toward the sea. In this advantageous and regal situation, upon the southern slope of this rising bank of one of the noblest fresh waterways in the world, lies the city of New Westminster.

The ground rises in a rather stiff grade for a distance of several blocks from the water-front, while from the summit of the grade the townsite stretches away in unlimited area and with gently undulating surface, affording, if need be, ample accommodation for the largest population. In platting the townsite, the original designers happily avoided that extreme economy of land which is characteristic of many cities. The city may be described as "roomy." The streets are wide and spacious, while the lots are of liberal dimensions and easily accessible. Nor were the future possible requirements as to governmental, educational, religious and recreative facilities overlook-

ed. In the very heart of the city and occupying the most commanding position was reserved a square of ten acres intended for further occupancy by legislative building and "Governmental Office Gardens," while upon either side of this was reserved a square of five acres for educational purposes, the western square being occupied at the present time by the Public and High Schools. Elsewhere was a large square for church purposes, while in different locations were reservations

The first official buildings to be erected were located at what was known as "The Camp," which was situated upon the grounds at present occupied by the Provincial penitentiary, and consisted of the barracks, hospital, theatre, library, Government offices and Commander's residence. In addition to these there was also erected upon the site now occupied by the City Hall, a building to be used as a Government Assay Office and Mint. The Assay Office proved to be a most



NEW WESTMINSTER—THE ONLY REGULAR MARKET FOR FARMERS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

for parks, such as "Queen's Park," "The Crescent," and "Moody Square."

Governor Douglas and Colonel Moody disagreed as to the name of the new city, one favouring "Queensborough" and the other "Queensborough." A higher authority was appealed to, and the wise and satisfactory arbitrament of our Most Gracious Queen was that the city should be known as "New Westminster." Thus it fell out that the city enjoys the distinction of having been named by Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

desirable institution, and so plentiful was the supply of Fraser River and Cariboo gold that the office was compelled to operate both day and night, in order to keep pace with the work. The gold bars were assayed and stamped and were then accepted at the banks in return for specie. These gold bars were then forwarded to San Francisco for coinage, and in order to obviate the necessity for this large exportation and foreign coinage of British gold, the proposition was made and was accepted by the Colonial

Office, that a mint be established. The building was accordingly erected by the Engineers, the designs were drawn, approved, and the dies forwarded from England, and all was finally in readiness for operations. The Colonial Treasurer journeyed to Victoria for the purpose of securing the signature of the Governor to the final document which would authorize the actual coinage of money, but for esoteric reasons it appears that this

Gradually there began to manifest itself upon the part of the civic population a sense of dissatisfaction with the system of government which obtained, and out of this there developed a strong and persistent agitation, led by Leonard MacClure, editor of the *Times*, the first newspaper on the mainland of British Columbia, and ably sustained by John Robson (afterward Premier of the Province), editor of the *British Columbian*, successor to



NEW WESTMINSTER—A LACROSSE MATCH BETWEEN THE SHAMROCKS (MONTREAL) AND THE WESTMINSTERS, OCTOBER 2ND, 1902—ATTENDANCE 17,000

signature was withheld. The Treasurer returned to the capital city, and in order to prove what the mint was prepared to do, and possibly by way of protest that it was not allowed to do it, coined five ten and five twenty dollar gold pieces, then locked the doors, and the first and last Canadian mint to date went permanently out of business. The coins were excellent in design, perfect in workmanship, and are amongst the rarest of coins, being most highly prized by their fortunate owners.

the *Times*, seeking representative government and separation from the Island. The ultimate outcome was that Downing Street acceded to the popular demand, the corps of Engineers was disbanded, although their commission had yet some two years to run, and local autonomy was granted to the mainland under Governor Seymour. At the same time Governor Kennedy was appointed for the Island. Owing to the non-arrival of Governor Seymour, Governor Douglas convened the

first mainland legislature in the city of New Westminster, in the spring of 1864, the session being held in the barracks, which had been fitted up for the purpose.

This system of government was destined, however, to be of short duration, for an agitation early developed on the Island for the reuniting of the divided Colony, petitions for which purpose were circulated and forwarded to the Colonial Office. This movement ultimately prevailed, and about two years after the convening of the first mainland legislature just mentioned, the union was consummated, and the first session of the Legislature of British Columbia convened at New Westminster under Governor Seymour. Events moved on apace, and at the

tide began again to flow in returning prosperity. The turning may be dated from the year 1873, when energetic measures upon the part of the local representatives in the Legislature secured much-needed appropriations for the construction of roads from the city through the farming sections contiguous to the Fraser. From this time the course of progress moved steadily forward. One by one the hitherto hidden natural advantages attached to the excellent location loomed out of the mists and took their place in the perspective of the now rapidly growing city, until she found herself in the enjoyment of an appanage of the most valuable order, yielding prosperity upon a scale the bare mention of the possibility of which a few years previously



FACSIMILE OF \$10 GOLD PIECE COINED IN THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MINT—FIVE \$10 AND FIVE \$20 PIECES COMPRISED THE TOTAL MINTAGE

second session of this united legislature, the historic debate took place upon the question of the permanent location of the capital, with the result that the Victoria contingent was sufficiently strong to carry the day, and the capital was accordingly removed to that city, where it remains up to this present. Thus was the "Royal City" shorn of the very dignity for the sustaining of which she had been called into existence.

The removal of the seat of government was certainly a severe blow to the young town, and for many subsequent years the story is one of ever-increasing commercial depression with ever-decreasing population until utter stagnation was well-nigh reached, and the civic body was reduced to but a few hundred souls. The time ultimately arrived, however, when the

would have been considered the fond product of an over-sanguine temperament. By means of steamers plying up and down the river, aided by roads penetrating districts somewhat removed from the river, the city became the centre of supply and distribution for the entire Fraser River Valley with its increasingly large and prosperous agrestic population. The attention of enterprise and of capital was arrested by the immense tracts of superb forest wealth found upon the very shores of this great stream, and also to the fabulous food wealth represented by the myriad millions of salmon swarming in the shoals that regularly sought the spawning grounds at the headwaters of the river. The result was the establishment of two great industries destined to develop to the largest proportions and, operating from this city,



PROVINCIAL ASYLUM

to be the means of greatly augmenting her prosperity. Out of these chief

sources of increment (lumbering and salmon canning) sprang a host of minor industries and enterprises, the combined effect of which was to place the city in a position of enviable affluence. These conditions prevailed without interruption until the nineties, when the city was

again subjected to misfortune, which manifested itself through two disastrous occurrences, viz., the "boom" and the great fire. The former developed during 1891, and endured throughout 1892, and was probably the outcome of exaggerated expectations arising from the long period of unabated prosperity which the city had enjoyed together with the rapid development of the Coast consequent upon the completion of the C.P.R. Whatever its causes, the results were certainly disastrous. The bubble burst and many investors were drawn into the maelstrom of financial ruin or of compromised credit. The city labours to-day under grievous disabilities, which are directly traceable to this unfortunate experience, although such is her

wonderful recuperative power that the population at present exceeds that of the palmiest days of the boom.

Then in 1898 came that sudden and serious disaster, the great fire. Starting at eleven o'clock on the night of Saturday, September 10th, and fanned by a southerly gale, the flames hurled themselves with irresistible fury upon the doomed city, nor was the holocaust stayed until an area of some sixty acres was swept, in the course of which the entire water-front, the whole business section, and a great portion of the residential section of the city was reduced to ashes.

So terrific was the onslaught of the flames that merchants barely succeeded in rescuing their books and ready cash, while household goods removed to a place of supposed safety were time and again overtaken by the conflagration; thus mer-

chants lost their entire stocks and householders their entire possessions.



HIGH AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS



ROYAL COLUMBIAN HOSPITAL



SHIPS LOADING CANNED SALMON AT NEW WESTMINSTER

The aggregate loss was estimated at two and a quarter millions, with insurance amounting to about one-half that sum. The New Westminster Relief Fund, which was immediately established, met with prompt and liberal response throughout the Dominion, and proved of the utmost helpfulness to the stricken city. The total receipts of the Relief Committee were \$53,276.50, and the disbursements up to December, 1901, were \$53,218.27, at which time the books were finally audited and the fund closed, the balance of \$58.23 being paid into the city treasury.

The strong vitality of the city manifested itself in the prompt manner in which a new town appeared on the

ruins of the old. The debris had not ceased to smoulder ere building operations were under way, and but a short period of time transpired before Columbia Street presented upon either side a practically unbroken façade of business and office blocks fully occupied. The buildings were certainly less pretentious than those destroyed, but financial returns have proven that as an investment the two-story structure is much preferable to higher buildings.

New Westminster, as she stands to-day, has a population, according to the census of last year, of 6,950 adults, being in this as well as in other respects the third city in British Columbia. The total assessed valuation of property for 1902 was \$4,715,075. The Customs returns for the fiscal year ending June, 1902, show imports \$650,368, duties collected \$153,797, and exports \$5,291,119. To this latter sum, however, must be added exports in lumber and lumber products, fish and food products, etc., of not less than \$550,000, making the entire export trade of the city for the period mentioned, at a conservative estimate, exceed five and three-quarter millions of dollars. In this connection, however, it should be mentioned that this period includes the record salmon pack accruing from the great so-called quadrennial run of 1901.

New Westminster at the present time is the source of distribution and supply for the agricultural districts lying south of the Fraser, comprising the most extensive and fertile arable tracts in the Province. She is likewise the commercial centre for a large proportion of the forty-nine canneries situated on the lower Fraser. Some idea of the magnitude of this valuable industry may be gleaned from the following summary of facts:—During the season of 1901 these canneries employed an aggregate of not fewer than thirteen thousand operatives. The total Fraser River pack was approximately 977,000 cases, with a value of \$5,600,000. The record catch for one boat



AT THE CLOSE OF THE SALMON FISHING SEASON, THE INDIANS GO UP THE RIVER TO THEIR RESERVES—INDIAN BAND ON UPPER DECK

for one night during this the greatest season that the industry has yet known was 1,700 fish, while the aggregate catch of the three thousand boats on the river that night could not have been less than 1,000,000 fish. The actual number of salmon captured and cured in one form or another in and about the Fraser during that season could not be computed at less than thirty or forty millions. The city has within her corporate limits two very large saw and planing mills, with an annual out-put (much of which is exported to Manitoba and the Northwest) of approximately 35,000,000 feet in the form of lumber and the various lumber products, representing a total value of \$600,000. She possesses a large cold



THE COURT HOUSE

storage establishment, exporting frozen and fresh fish to the extent of 350 tons annually, while in addition to these already mentioned there are many other manufacturing industries such as creamery, iron works, car shops, shingle mills, can factories, box factories, and so on. Here are located also the Provincial Asylum for the Insane, and the Penitentiary, representing a constituency of from five to six hundred persons. She is to a considerable extent an educational centre, possessing, in addition to excellent public and high schools, two colleges, viz., Columbian Methodist College, and St. Louis (R. C.) College.

The completion of the magnificent



NEW WESTMINSTER POST OFFICE

PHOTO BY CORNISH

governmental railway and traffic bridge, which will span the Fraser, and whose northern landing lies in the centre of the city water front, will mark the fulfilment of a long cherished desire of the citizens. This bridge, upon which the construction of the sub-structures is well advanced, will be a steel truss structure, nineteen feet wide and 1,781 feet from shore to shore. It will consist of eight spans of varying lengths, resting upon concrete piers. The draw span will be 380 feet in length, turning on a pivot pier twenty feet high above low water. The structure will cost approximately \$900,000, and is expected to be completed in one and one-half years.

When this bridge comes into use, it will render the city much more easy of



NEW WESTMINSTER—CITY HALL

access from the districts lying south of the river, and will further bring the trains of the G.N.R.R. directly into the city, making it yet more evident that she is destined to become a railway centre, inasmuch as she is already on the line of the C.P.R., and also on the line of the Coast Kootenay R.R., upon which construction is about to begin, and likewise on the Westminister, Vancouver and Yukon R.R., the contract for the first section of which has been awarded.

From a manufacturing standpoint, New Westminster is possessed of exceptional advantages. Her magnificent riparian privileges accord her an unlimited waterfront on one of the world's great waterways, the still immense available supply of timber ad-

jacent to the Fraser places raw material within easy reach, her docks are accessible for ocean-going craft, giving her the valuable advantages of a fresh water seaport, while the converging railway and shipping interests confer upon her ideal transportation facilities.

While New Westminster is old in point of years, as compared with other mainland towns, she is built on solid foundations, endowed with unexcelled natural advantages, alert to apprehend every portion of acquired prosperity that may present itself, and in the judgment of many is destined to occupy a position of commanding influence in the commercial and industrial development of British Columbia, analogous to that which she was created to occupy in affairs political.

MOODS

BY EMILY MCMANUS

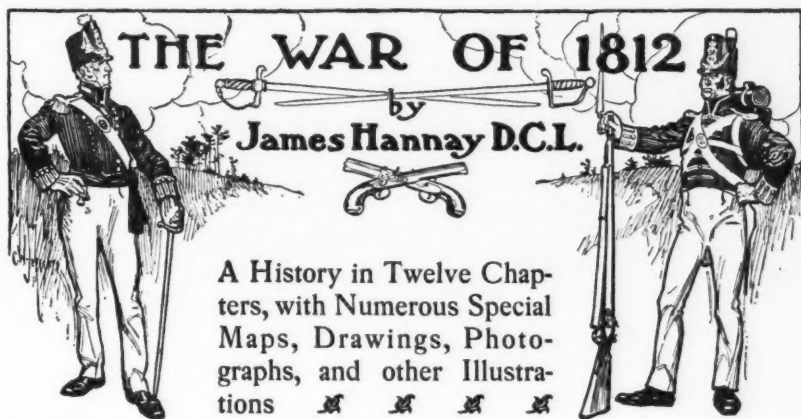
SILENT and sombre gleamed the bay,
A loveless sheet in the dusk outspread
'Twi'x't two dull points of changeless gray
And a leaden sky o'erhead.

Afar on an island, bleak and bare,
A grudging light from a lonely cot
Gleamed as a lamp Love lighted there,
But long ago forgot.

Noiseless a phantom sail slipped by
In the wake of a seagull's western flight,
While over the wave with the peewit's cry
Came loneliness and night.

A step, a click of the garden gate,
And the moon rose over the island's rim
To make with her million stars in state
A silvery path for him.

In that love-lit cot on the farther shore
How flashes the beacon clear and strong!
And hark! to the time of the dashing oar
A happy voice in song.



A History in Twelve Chapters, with Numerous Special Maps, Drawings, Photographs, and other Illustrations

CHAPTER IX—STONEY CREEK, BEAVER DAM AND FORT MEIGS

IT is now time to return to General Vincent's army which we left encamped at Beaver Dam, the night after the capture of Fort George. With the detachments from Fort Erie and Chippawa and the two companies of the 8th Regt., which had arrived from Twenty Mile Creek, the number of regulars present was 1,600 rank and file. On the following day, the 28th, the retreat was continued to Forty Mile Creek and from there, the same evening, General Vincent wrote his official account of the battle. The Militia had been mustered at Beaver Dam and given their choice to remain behind or follow the army. All whose business did not imperatively require their presence at home adopted the latter course. On the 29th the army encamped at Burlington Heights.

A rumour now reached General Dearborn at Fort George that Procter was marching from Amherstburg with his army to reinforce Vincent. It seemed to the American general necessary that the latter's force should be destroyed or captured before this junction took place. General Winder, a Baltimore lawyer, who, although without military experience, had been appointed to high command for political reasons, was anxious to undertake this duty, and was accordingly sent in pursuit of

Vincent with his brigade of infantry, Burns' dragoons and Archer's and Towson's artillery. He advanced as far as Twenty Mile Creek, where he was informed of the position of the British army, and halting there he sent back to Dearborn for reinforcements. He was joined on the fifth of June by General Chandler with his brigade, and the latter being the senior officer took the chief command. Chandler was another general who had been appointed for political reasons, and who had never seen any previous service. The whole force then advanced to Forty Mile Creek, from which they drove away a few Niagara Dragoons under Captain Merritt. From this point they moved to Stoney Creek, where they were within seven miles of Vincent's camp at the head of Burlington Bay.

The American army had been very demonstrative in its advance, and detachments of it had indulged in the comparatively safe amusement of chasing such British pickets as they encountered on their march. Their countrymen who have written histories of the war, describe in glowing terms how two pickets, which possibly aggregated as many as 20 men, were driven in one after the other, and how "the victors pushed on in pursuit un-



LAURA SECORD'S MONUMENT IN THE GRAVEYARD AT LUNDY'S LANE

PHOTO BY ENGLAND, NIAGARA FALLS

til they saw Vincent's camp." "Then," we are told, "they wheeled and made their way leisurely back to Stoney Creek." The remarkable character of the battle which followed before the rising of another sun has made patriotic American writers very reticent in regard to the numbers of the American troops encamped at Stoney Creek. Lossing, who had acquired an audacity in falsification not easy to parallel, states their numbers at 1,300. Now it is admitted that there were 250 dragoons, and there were nine guns fully manned by artillery, while some of the latter were acting as light infantry. It is therefore safe to say that the artillery of the 2nd U.S. Regt., present, was at least 350

strong. Deducting the cavalry and artillery from Lossing's 1,300 would leave but 700 for the strength of the two brigades of infantry. These two brigades comprised seven regiments, which, according to Lossing, could have numbered only 100 men each. It is not necessary to enlarge on the absurdity of such a statement. The two brigades must have numbered at least 3,000 men, in addition to cavalry and artillery.

When the presence of the enemy at Stoney Creek became known, Lieut.-Col. Harvey, the Deputy Adjutant-General, went out with the light companies of the 8th and 49th Regiments to reconnoitre their position. He reported that their camp guards were few and negligent; their line of encampment long and broken; their artillery feebly supported and several of their corps placed too far in the rear to



LAURA SECORD—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LATE IN LIFE

aid in repelling a blow which might be rapidly and vigorously struck at the front. He therefore advised a night attack on the enemy's camp, and his advice was adopted. Half an hour before midnight General Vincent moved out of his camp with the force selected for this daring enterprise. It consisted of the 49th Regt. and five companies of the 8th, numbering in all 704 rank and file. The night was extremely dark, so that the British were able to approach without being discovered, and

at 2 o'clock in the morning with fixed bayonets they rushed into the centre of the American camp. Lieut.-Colonel Harvey led the advance but General Vincent also engaged in the charge in person. The American centre was instantly broken, and Major Plenderleath, at the head of 40 men of the 49th, fell upon the artillery and bayoneted the men at the guns. The American left, composed of the 5th, 16th,

and 23rd Regts. of U. S. Infantry, was assailed by one-half of the five companies of the 8th under Major Ogilvie, and utterly routed and driven from the field. This flank attack decided the contest. The remainder of the 8th joined in the main assault on the enemy's centre, which became completely demoralized and fled. General Winder was captured by Sergeant William Fraser of the 49th, and General Chandler was also taken a few minutes later under one of the guns, where he had fallen in the struggle. Four guns were captured, three iron

six-pounders and a brass 5½ inch howitzer, but as there were not enough horses captured to draw them, two of the six-pounders were spiked and left behind.

The enemy had been completely defeated and scattered, but daylight was now approaching, and it was not deemed prudent to let the Americans know how small a force had effected their discomfiture. The British therefore marched back to their camp, taking with them two brigadier-generals,

one major, five captains, one lieutenant and 116 non-commissioned officers and privates. Besides these living trophies of their valour, they had the two cannon with their carriages and nine artillery horses to draw them. In addition to the prisoners taken the Americans lost 17 killed and 38 wounded. The British loss amounted to 23 killed, 136 wounded and 55 missing. Major Ogilvie and Major Plenderleath, both of



LIEUT.-COL. (AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN) HARVEY, WHO SUGGESTED AND LED THE NIGHT CHARGE AT STONEY CREEK. HE WAS AFTERWARDS GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

whom took a conspicuous part in this brilliant affair, were severely wounded.

The defeat of the Americans at Stoney Creek, and the capture of both their generals, was one of the most remarkable achievements of the war. Coming, as it did, after three severe reverses, all due to the neglect and incompetency of the Governor-General, it showed that the soldiers of the army were capable of succeeding in any enterprise, however daring, if properly led. It was a blow struck at a truculent and boastful enemy at the moment of his imagined triumph, and the

shock of it deranged and demoralized the whole American plan of invasion. To Lieut.-Col. Harvey, General Vincent, in his official report, justly gave the credit of suggesting this gallant exploit, and making the arrangements which resulted in such a signal success. But he was also able to state with entire truth, "that every officer and individual seemed anxious to rival each other in his efforts to support the honour of His Majesty's armies, and to maintain the high character of British troops."

The American troops were so much demoralized by the result of the battle at Stoney Creek that they had ceased to be an army and had become a mere mob. When it became light enough for them to see that the British had departed, they returned to their camp, but only to destroy the larger part of their stores. They then fled to Forty Mile Creek with such haste that they left their dead unburied and their severely wounded uncared for. Fortunately for the British the fears of the enemy prevented the work of destruction from being completed, and when they occupied the deserted American camp at 11 o'clock the same forenoon, they found an abundant supply of stores and ammunition to relieve their wants. At Forty Mile Creek the retreating Americans were joined by Colonel James Miller with 400 men of the 6th and 15th Regts. of infantry from Fort George. In a letter written to his wife he aptly describes their terrified condition. "I can assure you," said he, "I can scarce believe that you would have been more glad to see me than that army was." The arrival of this reinforcement seems to have put sufficient courage in the retreating force to induce them to halt, and they encamped on a level plateau at Forty Mile Creek, with one flank resting on the lake and the other on the creek which skirts the base of the "Mountain." On the following afternoon they were joined by Generals Lewis and Boyd, and the former assumed the command. After making due allowance for the losses suffered at Stoney

Creek and the reinforcements which had arrived under Colonel Miller, it is safe to say that the American army then encamped at Forty Mile Creek must have numbered at least 3,700 men. Unfortunately for them they had lost what alone makes an army efficient, their moral power. They had no longer any confidence in the officers who commanded them or in themselves. Scarcely had they settled themselves comfortably in their new camp when an unexpected and much-dreaded enemy appeared. At 6 o'clock on the evening of the 7th of June the white sails of vessels were seen far out on the lake, and as they approached nearer it was observed by their rig and flag that they were war vessels, and that they were British. It was the fleet of Sir James Yeo.

This vigilant and active commander had, by the addition of the *Wolfe* to his fleet, acquired what Chauncey deemed so great a superiority that the American commodore fled to Sackett's Harbour and remained there until the 21st of July, when his new ship, the *Pike* was ready for sea. From this incident the reader will be able to judge of the amount of aid the invading American army would have received from Commodore Chauncey had the *Wolfe* been on the lake at the beginning of navigation, and had the other new ship destroyed at York, which was of equal force with the *Wolfe*, been built at Kingston. On the 3rd of June Sir James Yeo left that port with 300 men of the 8th Regt. and supplies for General Vincent's army. Having discovered the American camp at Forty Mile Creek, early on the morning of the 8th, although it was too calm for his heavier vessels to approach, he had two of his schooners, the *Beresford* and *Sidney Smith*, towed in to attack the enemy. The long guns of these vessels, which consisted of one 24, two 12's and a 9-pounder, were replied to by four American cannon with red-hot shot. Sir James sent in a summons demanding the surrender of the American army, but General Lewis seems to have been of the opinion that such

a proceeding was unnecessary so long as his men possessed the ability to run away. At 10 o'clock the same morning this invading army was in full retreat to Fort George. Their baggage and camp equipage was embarked in 19 batteaux, and the men in charge of them attempted to proceed towards the Niagara River, but they were chased by a British schooner and 12 of them captured. The other seven, which were ashore and abandoned by their crews, also became a prize to the British. The American army fled in such haste that when Lieut.-Colonel Bisshopp's advanced party entered their deserted camp he found there 500 standing tents, 140 barrels of flour, 100 stand of arms, a considerable amount of other stores and seventy prisoners. The American army, in its flight to Fort George, lost heavily by desertions, and many prisoners were taken by the Militia and Indians, who hovered on its rear. It was estimated by American writers at the time that fully 1,000 men were lost in the unfortunate expedition under Winder and Chandler. Its result was to compel General Dearborn to abandon the entire Niagara frontier except Fort George, and concentrate his forces there, where he remained virtually in a state of siege.

On the same day that the Americans fled from Forty Mile Creek Lieut.-Col. Bisshopp reached there with the flank company of the 49th Regt., and a battalion company of the 41st. The reinforcement of the 8th which Sir James Yeo brought with him raised his strength to nearly 500 men, and with these he held the deserted camp of the Americans until joined by the main body. In the meantime Sir James was very active with his fleet in intercepting and capturing all army supplies going to the Americans at Fort George. On the 13th he captured two schooners and a number of boats laden with valuable hospital stores and supplies, at Eighteen Mile Creek, east of the Niagara River. On the 16th he carried off the contents of a depot of provisions at the village of Charlotte,

on the Genesee River, and on the 19th he landed a party of marines at Great Sodus, and took 600 barrels of flour.

The 104th Regt. having arrived from Kingston to reinforce General Vincent's army, Lieut.-Col. Bisshopp, who commanded the advance, pushed forward detachments to hold Beaver Dam and Ten Mile Creek. Half a company of the 104th occupied a stone house owned by one De Cou at the former place, and General Dearborn considered the position of this little force so menacing that he resolved to capture it. Accordingly on the evening of the 23rd June he detached Lieut.-Colonel Boerstler of the 14th U.S. Infantry for that purpose, with a force which, according to the general's official report, numbered 570 men. It comprised the larger part of the 14th Regt., a company of the 6th and one of the 23rd, with a few cavalry and artillery, and two field pieces, a 12 and a 6-pounder. Boerstler proceeded by way of Queenstown and St. David, and on the following morning when near Beaver Dam Creek, encountered a party of 200 Indians under John Brant and Captain Kerr. After a sharp skirmish which lasted a couple of hours, Boerstler determined to retire and abandon his attempt on the post at Beaver Dam, but while endeavouring to gain the road leading to Lundy's Lane his path was crossed by Lieut.-Col. Thomas Clark with 15 men of the 2nd Lincoln Militia, who at once opened fire. Boerstler halted and sent a courier to Dearborn for reinforcements. Lieut. Fitzgibbon of the 49th, with 46 men of that famous regiment, now arrived and added to the embarrassments of the bewildered Americans. Fitzgibbon had been warned of the intended attack by Mrs. Laura Secord, a resident of Queenstown, who had overheard some of the American soldiers speaking of it. Mrs. Secord walked from Queenstown to Beaver Dam, making a long circuit through the woods to avoid the American guards, and warned Fitzgibbon of the impending danger. Fitzgibbon, with an audacity akin to genius, sent in a summons to Boerstler



GRENADIERS OF THE 8TH, KING'S REGIMENT

The peculiar headgear is a waterproof cap cover used during rough weather. Five companies of this regiment were in the night attack under Harvey at Stoney Creek, when 704 British defeated more than 3,000 Americans and captured two brigadier-generals, 7 other officers and over one hundred men, besides guns and stores.

demanding the immediate surrender of his force, in the name of Major De Haren of the Canadian Regiment. Boerstler, whose powerful lungs, in the affair at Frenchman's Creek the

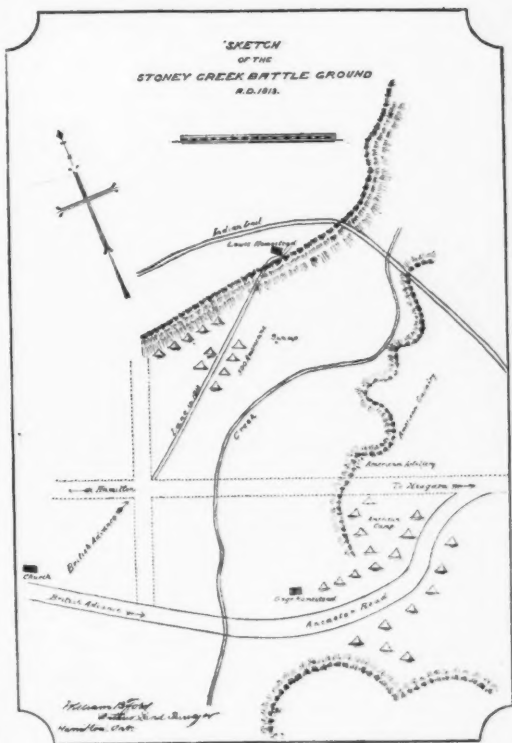
of Canada that was captured by the British.

The history of Boerstler's surrender, following closely on the defeat at Stoney Creek, and the flight of the

previous autumn, were, according to American accounts, so terrifying to the British, now seems to have lost not only the use of his voice, but of his reasoning faculties, for he at once complied with Fitzgibbon's demand. It was fortunate that as the articles of surrender were being drawn up, Major De Haren did appear with the light company of the 8th Regt., and two flank companies of the 104th and a few Militia Cavalry under Capt. Hall, the whole numbering about 220 rank and file. He was just in time to sign his name to the paper by which 512 officers and men of the United States army and thirty militia were surrendered to the forces of His Majesty King George III. The surrender included the two field guns already spoken of, two cars and the colours of the 14th U.S. Regt. of Infantry. This made the fourth body of American invaders

American army to Fort George, produced great irritation among the valiant men at Washington who made laws for the people of the United States. The recall of General Dearborn was loudly demanded, and that Commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States was removed under the polite form employed by governments of being requested to retire until his health should be re-established. Dearborn was a political general and had no qualifications whatever for high command. He took no active part in any of the operations that were conducted in his name, but entrusted the execution of his orders to others. He was succeeded in the command of the army of the north by General James Wilkinson, who was then in command of the Gulf region. General Wade Hampton, who had been stationed at Norfolk, was also ordered to the Northern frontier. Both men had been active officers in the war of the Revolution, Wilkinson being on the staff of General Gates at Saratoga, and Hampton having been a partisan ranger in South Carolina with Marion. It would have been better for both these generals if there had been no War of 1812. That contest was responsible for much evil, but it also did some good in shattering to pieces the manufactured reputation of a large number of the buckram heroes of the Revolution.

Although the Americans at Fort George must have numbered at least 5,000 men, the pressure put upon them by the British was so great that they were restricted to the vicinity of their encampment. The latter had formed a cordon, extending from Twelve Mile



THE STONEY CREEK BATTLE GROUND

It is a little to the east of the present village of Stoney Creek. The United States encampment, on the night of June 5th, 1813, was on both sides of a small stream. The British approached from the west, having left Burlington Heights about 11 p.m. About 2 a.m., Sunday morning, the attack was made. The small camp was first rushed and then the larger one.—From "Journal and Transactions of the Wentworth Historical Society."

Creek on Lake Ontario to Queenstown on the Niagara River, and within the limited triangular area which this line enclosed the Americans were hemmed. It was at this time that the Government, whose Secretary of War had boasted that he could take Canada without soldiers, was forced to call in the aid of the Indians of Western New York. As early as November, 1812, the Senecas, at the instigation of that debauched and cowardly old vagabond, Red Jacket, had called a bogus council of the Six Nations, and issued a decla-

ration of war against Great Britain. It was due to the mere pride and obstinacy of General Smyth, the American "Van Bladder," that they were not at that time found fighting side by side with the soldiers of the United States. But that boastful nation had become humble-minded by reason of its numerous defeats, and in July 1813, was glad to accept the services of the Senecas and Tuscaroras to fight its battles. This act shows the utter lack of sincerity of those professions of horror at the employment of Indians by the British, which fill so many pages of American histories. When Lord Chatham in December, 1777, made his famous speech in the House of Lords, against the employment of the Indians by his countrymen in the war in America, he could not have been aware that at the very beginning of the revolutionary contest, Washington solicited the alliance of all the Indian tribes, and that from the early part of 1775 to the end of the war, the colonists employed as many Indians as they could persuade to join them.

Some minor enterprises on the Niagara frontier at this time now demand notice. On the night of the 4th of July Lieut.-Col. Thomas Clark, of the 2nd Lincoln Militia, with 40 of his men crossed over in boats from Chippawa to Schlosser, captured the guard there and brought back to the Canadian side of the Niagara river 15 prisoners, a brass 6-pounder, 50 stand of arms, and a considerable quantity of ammunition, as well as flour, salt pork and other provisions. They also carried off a gunboat and two bateaux.

This daring and successful enterprise suggested another on a more extensive scale. At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 11th of July, Lieut.-Col. Bisshopp with a detachment consisting of 20 of the Royal Artillery, 40 of the 8th Regt., 100 of the 41st, 40 of the 49th and about 40 of the 2nd and 3rd Lincoln Militia under Lieut.-Col. Thomas Clark, in all 240 men, embarked at Chippawa for the purpose of attacking the enemy's batteries at Black Rock. They landed there

half an hour before daylight without being perceived, and at once proceeded to attack the batteries, which were carried with little opposition, the artillerymen who had been in charge being overpowered, and the Militia, 200 in number, taking to their heels. The blockhouses, barracks and navy-yard, with one large schooner, were then burnt, and the British proceeded to remove the stores to their boats. This took a considerable time and, before the work was completed, the Americans, reinforced by a body of regulars from Buffalo and a band of Indians, had returned in force. The British in the midst of their work were attacked, and a sharp contest ensued, but finding the Indians could not be driven from the woods in which they had posted themselves without a greater loss being sustained than such a victory would have been worth, it was deemed prudent to retreat to the boats, and the British crossed the river under a very heavy fire. The object of the expedition had been fully accomplished. Eight cannons were captured, of which four were destroyed, and four others, including two brass 6-pounders, brought away; 177 muskets, a quantity of ammunition, 123 barrels of salt, 46 barrels of whiskey and a quantity of flour, blankets and clothing, with seven large bateaux and one large scow, were taken to the Canadian side. The British loss was, however, severe and amounted to 13 killed, 25 wounded and six missing. The latter were six privates, who were wounded and had to be left behind, along with Capt. Saunders, of the 41st. The Americans put down their losses at three killed and five wounded, which may be correct, as the greater part of the British loss was sustained after they had embarked, the American Militia, who had shown such alacrity in running away, having then found sufficient courage to enable them to fire on a retreating enemy.

Among the wounded was Lieut.-Col. Bisshopp, the leader of the expedition. He died five days later at Lundy's Lane. Bisshopp was a gallant young

man, and his loss was a severe one to the army, but in the Black Rock expedition his contempt for the enemy, who were only capable of firing at the British soldiers from ambuscades, seems to have made him careless, and induced him to keep his men ashore too long. In this contest the Americans were indebted to their savage allies, the Indians, for any partial success they achieved in inflicting loss upon the British.

The strengthening of Chauncey's fleet on Lake Ontario by the completion of the *Pike*, made the Commodore anxious to distinguish himself by some notable enterprise. The British had a depot of stores and provisions at Burlington Heights, which was guarded by 150 men of the 104th Regt., under Major Maule. It was thought a sudden attack on this post might succeed, and accordingly, on the 28th of July, Chauncey, with his fleet of fourteen vessels, set sail from Fort Niagara for the head of Lake Ontario. He had on board 300 regulars under Colonel Winfield Scott, which, with the men who manned his fleet, more than 1,000 in number, made a very respectable force. Fortunately, Colonel Harvey had been informed of the design of the Americans, and ordered Lieut.-Col. Battersby, who commanded a detachment of the Glengarry Regt. at York, to march with his whole force to the relief of Maule. He had not arrived when Chauncey and Scott got to Burlington Bay, but the prospect of his coming was quite sufficient to prevent any attempt being made on the depot of provisions. Five hundred Americans, who had landed to attack Maule, retired again to their vessels without firing a shot. It was thought that glory might be won at a cheaper rate by a raid upon York, which was entirely bare of troops, so sail was at once made for that place. On the 31st, Chauncey's fleet entered York Harbour and Col. Scott landed his troops without opposition, as the Militia were still bound by their parole. Scott's party opened the gaol and liberated the prisoners, including three soldiers confined

for felony. They then went to the hospitals and paroled the few men there who could not be removed. They next entered the stores of some of the inhabitants and seized their contents, chiefly flour, the same being private property. The next day they again landed and sent three armed boats up the Don in search of public stores, but being disappointed in this, they set fire to the small barrack, wood-yard and store-house on Gibraltar Point, and sailed away at daylight on the 2nd of August. The only property they obtained in this raid was owned by private parties, the public stores having been removed to a place of safety, and the only prisoners secured were felons and invalids. The principal inhabitants of the town, knowing that neither their non-belligerent character nor the protection of a parole would save them from insult, had wisely retired when the enemy appeared. The amount of plunder obtained at York was scarcely greater than the amount of glory won. It was little to the credit of the Americans that, having fully 800 men available for an attack on Major Maule's weak detachment, they should have abandoned their attempt against him without a shot being fired, and gone off on a stealing expedition to York.

In singular contrast to the timid conduct of Chauncey and Scott on this occasion, was the bold enterprise of Colonel Murray, the same week, on Lake Champlain. The Americans held command of this lake when the war commenced, and were thus enabled to transport their men and stores to the very frontier of Canada, without any possibility of the British hindering their movements. In the spring of 1813, they had on the lake two armed sloops, the *Growler* and *Eagle*, each mounting 11 guns, and six galleys, mounting one gun each. The British had a fortified post at Isle-aux-Noix, on the Richelieu River, 13 miles from the boundary line, which was garrisoned by detachments of the 13th and 100th Regts., under the command of Major George Taylor, of the latter corps. There were also three gun-

boats at Isle-aux-Noix, which had been built at Quebec and transported to the Richelieu. Early on the morning of June 3rd, the *Growler* and *Eagle* were seen in the river near Isle-aux-Noix. Major Taylor at once got his three gunboats ready, manned them with Canadians and an artilleryman for each vessel, and sent them against the enemy, while he set out with a small detachment of Regulars in boats. The soldiers were landed on both sides of the river, and from its banks they kept up a galling fire on the enemy's vessels, while the gunboats pounded them from a distance. After a conflict which lasted about three hours, the *Eagle* was struck by a 24-pound shot, which ripped a whole plank off the vessel so that she filled and her crew ran her ashore. Lieut. Sydney Smith, who commanded the vessels, then surrendered. The American loss was one man killed and 19 wounded. The British lost three men wounded, yet in the face of the official return of his loss, made by Major Taylor, Lossing has the impudence to say, "The loss of the British was much greater, probably at least 100." The fact was that the total number of men engaged on the British side was only 108, most of them being of the 100th Regt. The capture of these vessels was a handsome achievement and highly important, for they carried between them two Columbia 18-pounders, 10 long 6-pounders, and 10 18-pounder carronades. Their united crews numbered 112 men.

The captured sloops, which were renamed the *Chubb* and *Finch*, gave the British the ascendancy on the lake, and rendered possible an important enterprise against the American frontier towns, where large depots of provisions had been gathered and barracks built for the use of the army of invasion. On the 31st of July, the same day that Scott and Chauncey appeared at York, Colonel J. Murray landed with a British force at Plattsburg. He had with him 900 rank and file of the 13th, 100th and 103rd Regts., which he had embarked at

Isle-aux-Noix on board the *Chubb* and *Finch*, the three gun-boats and a number of bateaux. The Militia force at Plattsburg, numbering, according to some accounts, 400 men, and according to others, 1,500, under General Mooers, ran away the instant the British landed, without firing a shot. Murray at once destroyed the enemy's arsenal and block-house, commissary buildings and stores at Plattsburg, and also the extensive barracks at Saranac, capable of containing 4,000 troops. The troops re-embarked next day carrying off with them a large amount of naval stores and shot, and equipment for bateaux. From Plattsburg Murray went to Swanton, on Missisquoi Bay, where the barracks and stores and a number of bateaux were destroyed. A detachment was also sent to Champlain town, where the barracks and block-houses were burnt. Capt. Everard, of the *Wasp*, then lying at Quebec, who had volunteered for this service with Captain Pring, had in the meantime crossed the lake in the *Chubb* and *Finch* with a gunboat to Burlington, which is about 20 miles from Plattsburg. There General Wade Hampton was stationed with an army of 4,000 regulars, intended for the invasion of Canada, and there also was Commodore Macdonough with three armed sloops, two of them ready for sea. The American commodore had also two gun schooners, lying under the protection of a 10-gun battery, and two armed bateaux, yet with all this formidable force neither he nor General Hampton made any attempt to interfere with the British in their operations. Capt. Everard destroyed four vessels at Burlington and its vicinity, without any attempt on the part of the enemy to prevent it, and then returned to the foot of the lake. This well-conducted enterprise resulted in the destruction of an enormous amount of public property, and was effected without the loss of a single life, thanks to the extreme prudence of General Mooers's militia and of General Wade Hampton and his army.

After Chauncey's second raid upon

York he deemed himself strong enough to dispute the command of Lake Ontario with Sir James Yeo. As the safety of Canada largely depended on the British fleet being able to traverse the lake with troops and supplies, the struggle for preponderance on this great inland water became extremely important. The Americans had many advantages in their favour in the fact that with their larger population they could obtain the services of a greater number of workmen and sailors, and thus build their ships and man them more readily. They were also nearer their base of supplies than the British, so that Sir James Yeo had heavy odds to contend against, and is entitled to a great deal of credit for being able to maintain himself on the lake at all. There never was a time when Chauncey offered him battle that the American commander was not greatly superior, and therefore Sir James, as a rule, wisely refused to risk everything in a decisive engagement. It would have been the height of folly to do so where so much was at stake, and where some trifling accident might have involved the loss of all.

When Chauncey appeared on Lake Ontario at the beginning of August he had fourteen vessels, two ships, the *Pike* and *Madison*, the *Oneida* brig, and eleven schooners. This fleet measured 2,576 tons, carried 112 guns, was manned by 980 men, and threw 1,399 lbs. of metal as a broadside. Sir James Yeo had six vessels; two ships, the *Wolfe* and *Royal George*, the *Melville* and *Moir*, brigs, and two schooners. Their aggregate tonnage was 2,091 tons, their guns numbered 92, their crews 770, and their broadside weight of metal 1,374 lbs. These figures on their face would show the American fleet to be one-fourth superior to the British in tonnage and number of men, and but slightly superior in weight of metal. But the figures only show part of the truth. To quote the words of President Roosevelt: "The Americans greatly excelled in the number and character of their long guns." They threw at a broadside 806 lbs. of

long gun metal and 584 lbs. of carronade metal, while the British threw from their long guns only 180 lbs. and from their carronades 1,194 lbs. If Roosevelt's suggestion that a long 12-pounder is equal to a 32-pounder carronade be correct, then the American fleet was superior in broadside weight of metal as five is to three, or doubly superior if tonnage and number of men are taken into account. This superiority, however, was more marked in calm weather than in rough, for the schooners, each of which carried a very heavy gun, were not so effective in a seaway as when the water was smooth.

The two fleets first caught sight of each other on the 7th August, off the Niagara River, and their commanders went through a series of manoeuvres so as to engage with advantage. Early on the morning of the 8th a heavy squall struck both fleets, and two of the American schooners capsized and foundered, all the crews being drowned except sixteen men, who were picked up by the boats of the British fleet. It is quite like the unreliable Lossing to say of this accident: "This was a severe blow to the lake service, for these two vessels, carrying 19 guns between them, were of the best of it." This is the same as saying that the *Hamilton* and *Scourge*, each with crews of 50 men, and throwing 80 lbs. of metal at a broadside, were more powerful than the *Pike*, with a crew of 300 men, and a broadside of 360 lbs., or the *Madison*, with 200 men, and a broadside of 364 pounds.

After much manoeuvring the two fleets came to an engagement on the evening of the 10th, the wind being from the south-west. Chauncey formed his fleet in two lines on the port tack with his larger vessels to leeward. Yeo approached from behind to windward in single column on the same tack. At 11 o'clock the weather line opened fire at a very long range, and a quarter of an hour later the action became general. In a few minutes the weather line broke up and passed to leeward, except the schooners *Julia* and *Growler* which tacked. Yeo cut off these ves-

sels and captured them, while Chauncey with the rest of his fleet made all sail for Niagara. The *Julia* and *Growler* were each about 80 tons, carried 80 men between them, and had each a long 32- and a long 12-pounder mounted on swivels.

On the 11th September there was another partial engagement between the rival fleets, at very long range, which was prevented from being decisive by the fact that Chauncey avoided close action. On the 28th the two squadrons again met off York, and a sharp combat ensued in which the *Wolfe*, Sir James Yeo's flag-ship, lost her main-topmast and mainyard, and became too much disabled to manoeuvre so that she had to be put before the wind. Her retreat was ably protected by Captain Mulcaster in the *Royal George*. The British fleet ran into Burlington Bay where Chauncey did not venture to follow them. The American commodore, however, had some compensation for his failure to destroy the British fleet by his capture a few days later of five small vessels having on board 250 men of De Watteville's Regt., on their way from York to Kingston.

About the beginning of July, Major-General De Rottenburg succeeded General Sheaffe as President of the Upper Province, and as such took the command of the troops from General Vincent. During the latter part of the same month he had pressed the enemy back, so that he had his headquarters at the village of St. David, which is about eight miles from Fort George. His advance posts occupied a position not more than four miles from the American camp, but no movement of any importance took place in either army, unless the fruitless demonstration made by Sir George Prevost on the 24th of August is entitled to that designation. The Commander-in-chief had arrived from Kingston a few days previously, and the ostensible object of the demonstration was to ascertain the extent of the enemy's works and the means he possessed of defending the position he occupied. The British drove in the

enemy's pickets, and even gained possession of the town of Newark, but as General Boyd, who commanded at Fort George, declined to permit his troops to leave their intrenchments, nothing resulted from this advance and the British forces were withdrawn to their works. One cause of the inactivity which prevailed on the Niagara frontier during the summer and autumn of 1813, was the great amount of sickness which existed in both camps, owing to fever and ague, by which about one-third of the men were prostrated. This malady not only hindered active operations about Fort George, but also seriously delayed another important enterprise which General Wilkinson had planned, which involved nothing less than the capture of Montreal.

It is now time to turn to the operations of the right division of the army of Upper Canada under Major-General Procter. After the failure to capture Fort Meigs there was a considerable period during which the army remained inactive at Sandwich awaiting reinforcements. There Procter was joined by a part of the remaining effective strength of the 41st Regt. and, as he had a large body of Indians with him, it was determined to begin active operations against the American North Western army. The necessity for this step was one of the penalties which the Indian alliance imposed on the British. It is obvious that, considering the very limited force that could be spared for the occupation of the Detroit frontier, and the enormous difficulties involved in the transportation of supplies to the army there, a defensive campaign was the one best suited to the circumstances of the case. But the Indians were not satisfied to conduct a merely defensive war, and to retain their friendship it became necessary for Procter to agree to attack the enemy in their own territory. There was a double disadvantage in this, for not only had such an attack to be made on ground which the enemy had selected for defensive purposes and fortified, but it had to be undertaken without the aid of the In-

dians themselves, who were utterly useless when a fort had to be assaulted. To the truth of this fact the numerous Indian wars that have been waged on this continent bear ample testimony.

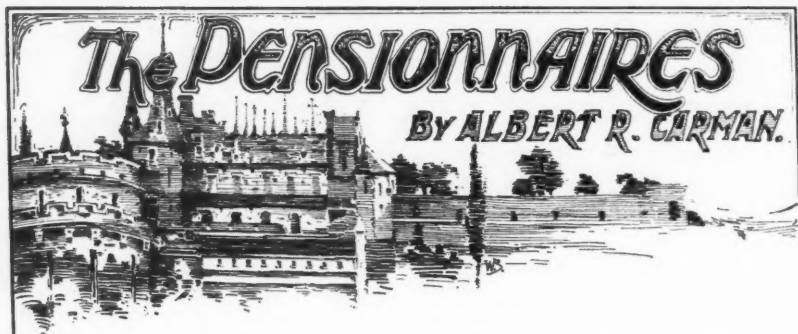
The North West Indians particularly desired the reduction of Fort Meigs, and of Fort Stephenson on the Sandusky River. This fort had been erected in the summer of 1812 and consisted of a square picketed enclosure three hundred feet long and one hundred and eighty wide. At three of the angles there were block-houses, on one of which a six-pounder was mounted. The pickets around the fort were from fourteen to sixteen feet in height, and outside of them was a dry ditch twelve feet wide and eight feet deep. As a further protection from assault each picket was armed at the top with a bayonet. Fort Stephenson was garrisoned by 160 Regulars under Major Croghan. General Harrison, who commanded the American North Western army, had his head-quarters at Seneca town, nine miles from Fort Stephenson, where he had 1,200 Regulars and a large force of Militia under McArthur and Cass. Fort Meigs had a garrison of about 2,000 men.

General Procter landed at the mouth of the Sandusky River, on the 1st August, with a detachment of the 41st Regt., numbering 368 officers and men, and 23 artillerymen. He had also 200 Indians with him, the others under Tecumseh having gone off towards Fort Meigs. As Harrison's large army was but nine miles distant, this attack on Fort Stephenson with so small a force, certainly showed a great deal of boldness, but its wisdom may well be doubted. On the morning of the 2nd the British opened fire on the fort, at a distance of about 200 yards, with two light six-pounders and two 5½ inch howitzers. The guns were too light to produce any marked effect on the blockhouses, so the same afternoon Procter ordered the works to be stormed. At five o'clock Lieut.-Col. Short advanced directly against the north-

west angle of the works with 180 men of the 41st Regt., while 160 rank and file of the same regiment under Lieut.-Col. Warburton made a circuit through the woods to attack the fort from the south side. Short's storming party approached under a severe fire from the musketry of the garrison, but nothing daunted, bravely pushed forward over the glacis and leaped into the ditch to cut away the pickets. At this instant the six-pounder, which had been placed in the blockhouse on the north side of the fort, so that its fire would sweep the ditch, was discharged with dreadful effect. It was loaded with slugs, and when fired was only a few yards' distance from the head of the column. Lieut.-Col. Short and Lieut. Gordon were instantly killed, and with them more than 20 privates, and a still larger number were wounded. The brave survivors rallied and again advanced, but it was found that the ditch was so completely commanded, both by the cannon and the musketry of the enemy, that success was impossible. The assaulting column retired with as many of their wounded as they were able to remove. The column under Lieut.-Col. Warburton, did not reach the south side of the fort until the first attack had failed, and therefore there was nothing for it but a retreat.

In this affair the British loss amounted to 26 killed, 29 wounded and missing, and 41 wounded and brought away, a total of 96. The American loss, according to their own accounts, was but one killed and seven wounded. Among the British wounded officers were Captains Muir and Dixon and Lieut. McIntyre. The Indians with Procter, took no part in this attack and therefore suffered no loss, although it was in deference to their wishes the expedition had been undertaken. The attempt on Fort Stephenson was abandoned and General Procter and his soldiers returned to Sandwich. The Americans were able to treat this repulse of the British as an unparalleled exploit, and to exalt Croghan almost to the level of Hannibal.

TO BE CONTINUED



RESUMÉ—Miss Jessica Murney is a young American singer living in a European "pension" (at Dresden) and taking vocal lessons from a German instructor who thinks her singing too mechanical. Mr. Hughes, a young Englishman, is in love with her, but cares little about her singing. Herr Werner, a big German, on the other hand thinks well of her but is most concerned with her art.

CHAPTER V.

THAT night the Wagner "Ring" began at the opera, and everyone went; but the next it was whispered about at dinner that there was to be music in the drawing-room in the evening—that a young Pole was coming in to play the violin and that possibly Miss Murney would sing.

"I wonder why it is," marvelled the lady from Maine, settling herself on the sofa after dinner with her cup of coffee, "that Poles are always so musical."

"It is their soul-essence," said Herr Werner, "crushed out of them by oppression."

"What! You say that, and you a German!"

"My mother was a Pole."

"Indeed! Well, I met a Pole once in—let me see!"

"I think," said Hughes, *sotto voce*, turning to Jessica, "that it is their long hair. Long hair has always meant something from Samson down."

"Yes," laughed Jessica. "That's nearer it, I guess."

"You don't endorse the essence of soul theory then?"

She shook her head, looking appre-

hensively and not without hostility at the tall German who was attending to the Maine lady's account of Poles she had met. Then in a yet lower tone—

"Don't you think some people lay it on a little thick at times?"

"Seems so to me," said Hughes; and they exchanged understanding glances.

"My! I'm so tired to-night," sighed a young lady with bright eyes and a worn face—one of a party of five from Vassar.

"Galleries are always tiring," explained the tireless German teacher in charge of the party.

"It appears to me," drawled another of the quintette, "that touring is just bed and Baedeker—"

"Yes," laughed the first girl; "and there's too little bed and too much Baedeker."

"Nonsense!" said the leader of the party. "You didn't come over here for a rest cure."

"How did you like the gallery?" asked Herr Werner.

"Oh! perfectly lovely!" said one of them. "That Sistine Madonna is too sweet for anything."

"Yes," and the German's face was a-light. "There is so much in the eyes—so much—but I cannot say it." Then, after a moment's thought, he went on—"They are wise—wise as the Mother of God, and yet so sweet as a peasant woman with her baby."

"And those cunning cherubs—aren't they cute?" joined in the girl enthusiastically.

"You should not have seen them," said Herr Werner severely, "the same day that you saw the Madonna. They are of another spirit."

"They are the comedy of the picture, I think," joined in the white-haired Irish lady. "I rest myself by looking at their dear little mischievous faces and their tousled hair."

"We were over at the International Exhibition to-day," remarked the Scotch gentleman, "but it was spoiled for us—the trail of the 'impressionist' is over everything."

"There is one thing about the 'impressionist' painters that I like," said Hughes. "They are not mean in the matter of paint."

"I should say not," agreed one of the Vassar girls. "I always wonder how an 'impressionist' knows his picture from his palette."

"But do you not think," a black-bearded French gentleman asked of her, "that the 'impressionists' do not get fair play by being hung so close to you in a small room?"

"They are often better when seen from the next room," she admitted.

"You must get them in focus, so to speak," he went on.

"Most pictures," said the Scotch gentleman, "should be seen from the next room—or the next century."

"Or, as a gentleman I met in Paris said once, from very far back and well around the corner," contributed the lady from Maine.

Then it was seen that the young Pole was making ready to play, and conversation died away. He plied a nervous bow, and his copious black hair shook loose over his knitted forehead as he straightened and bent again with the music. His violin seemed as much a part of him as the song does of a bird, and you felt that his mastery of the instrument must have been born with him—teaching always leaves something of its method in sight. As he finished, a patter of applause went around, but the real thanks came in the shower of congratulatory ejaculations in various languages. An Italian signora kissed her hand to him, and

a group of Danes near the piano beckoned him into their midst. Then he played again, shutting the windows to keep out the street sounds that had visibly annoyed him during the first selection; and then again, something of his own composition.

"Who is the young man's teacher," the Irish lady asked of Frau Lüttichau.

"He never has had any teacher," she whispered back. "He is here taking a commercial education, but he wants to have some violin lessons very badly."

"Bless me!"

"His father won't hear of it, though. He has just taught himself."

Now Jessica was begged to sing, and she went to the piano, tossing gay remarks into the English-speaking group while her mother fussed with the music she was to play as an accompaniment. A song of misty German folk-lore was her choice; and from the moment her voice rose on the air, admiration sat openly on the faces of the company. The Danish corner listened with a critical ear, for two of them were professional singers from the opera at Copenhagen; and they smiled to each other their appreciation of Jessica's skill. They had looked at no one but the Pole himself when he played—they had hardly known there was any one else in the room to look at. Jessica's singing was to them a finished performance; it reached their critical sense, and satisfied it—but not their hearts. There was quite a formality of applause when she stopped; though it curiously lost heart almost immediately, for Jessica had laughed a swift, deprecating comment over at the English group, and thus reminded the room of her jolly, unfanciful self. A strange thing was that people were always a little ashamed of their ardour over Jessica's singing in the presence of Jessica herself.

Herr Werner felt this to the extreme, though he never failed to respond from the depths of him to her singing. He seemed to hear another Jessica, and be satisfied—a joy that was not given to Herr Vogt. Even now he was still under

the spell of the song, and crossed to the piano to ask for one similar to the last.

And a nervousness fell upon Jessica as she refused; for she had begun to feel that his approach was a menace to her cheerful sanity. But she summoned a round-chinned smile and told him that she had not "taken" the song that he named, and that she did not practise her music on innocent people, when he went back to his seat with a moody face—this was the woman of earth.

Then Jessica sang again, something Italian; and the dark signora listened for whole bars with so motionless a pose that only her eyes seemed alive. Then she would stir impatiently. It was almost— But it was not—

"Ah! you English have no souls," said the signora to herself when Jessica had finished.

"Won't you sing an Irish song, dear?" asked the old Irish lady; and she sang "Sweet Vale of Avoca" so that there were tears in the old blue eyes; and Hughes said heartily "Irish music is good enough for me." One felt that even Jessica herself enjoyed the singing of this.

Then the Pole played again, and one of the Danes sang a high, trumpeting Danish song, and the Vassar quintette said that they had enjoyed the evening *immensely*, but that they must *really* beg to be excused, for they had a hard day before them to-morrow.

"We have little time for mere enjoyment," laughed one of them, as they filed out, not without stiffness. Then others began to go; so there was no more singing, but gusts of gay chat, now in German, now in French, now in Danish, and now in English, sounded from different parts of the room, as with slow reluctance the little party thinned out.

The last to go was the lady from Maine, who stayed to tell Frau Lütichau that her trip to Meissen, the seat of the manufacture of "Dresden china," which had been fixed for the following day, was again postponed because some of the party could not go.

"I want them all to come," she said, "for I feel that it is my mission in life to give frivolous tourists proper ideas of porcelain."

CHAPTER VI.

During the days that followed that first torrid afternoon in the Grosser Garten, when it was seldom cool, but only occasionally "not quite so hot," Jessica and Mr. Hughes—Theodore Hughes, known to intimates as "Teddy"—grew to be what she termed, in writing to her latest chum, "great friends." Mrs. Murney was a firm believer in the doctrine of passive resistance to heat, and liked to keep her room from luncheon to dinner, while the active Jessica stifled in the house, and hailed with joy Mr. Hughes' invitation to the freedom of the tennis courts. So on broiling afternoons they would sally forth together in the lightest of clothing and walk gaily along the wide Burgerwiese to the courts, where, with a few other unconquerables, they would play madly at a game that may be a "love game" even when both score. Then they would sit in the shade of the trees that line the courts on one side where the air came out of the green depths of the Grosser Garten a little more coolly, and comment on the play of the others and discuss their individual likes and dislikes, and exchange amusing incidents of foreign travel with the growing intimacy of open-minded, non-secretive, not-too-deep people.

Jessica got to know that Mr. Hughes was a son of a family that had "an estate"—not that he ever said so as an isolated announcement—and that he was travelling abroad with much leisure, but without much definite plan before "settling down in life"—whatever that might mean. There was a long list of things that "he did not go in for"—not that he condemned others who did go in for them; but Jessica knew that, at the seat of his precise private judgment, he thought them really very foolish. He did not

"go in" for art very much; especially "willowy, wallowy modern art." Old statuary he liked, however, when it was not too battered. He had been in Rome during the winter, and enjoyed "brushing" up his history and his classics; and his mild interest in antique statuary had taken him twice to the Capitoline Museum and twice to the Vatican. He had run down to Naples, but it was "a nest of beggars." He liked opera, but he did not worship it the way these Germans seemed to. "Why, an opera here is like a church service, by Jove!" he said. Had Miss Murney ever seen a Christmas pantomime in London? No? Well, that was the thing. In fact, they knew how to stage nothing on the continent. You had to forget that there was such a place as London if you wanted to enjoy the theatre here.

"Or New York," said Jessica.

"I quite believe that," he agreed, "but I have never seen New York."

"You should come over before you 'settle down.'"

"It is very possible that I shall," was his response. "I want to have some 'cookies,'" he went on, with the air of teasing her. "I've heard so much of them from Americans."

"'Cookies' are all right," said Jessica heartily, with a round face of happy recollection. "But you won't get them in New York—you'd better come up to the White Mountains for them."

There was an uncalculated touch of personal invitation in this which was at first a little pleasing and then just a little embarrassing to them both, which showed how very well their growth into "great friends" was getting on. But the sense of pleasure in venturing upon possibly dangerous ground predominated, and Jessica went on:

"And we'll give you green corn and show you how to eat it."

"Is it puzzling?" he asked, laughing.

"Well, they say it is to strangers," said Jessica. "To me, it is as natural—and, oh! so delicious—and we'll miss it all this fall"—this last in sorrowful

tones, not without a ring of genuineness.

"It is like pop-corn, is it not?"

"Yes; only bigger, and sweeter and juicier—and you eat it on the cob."

"The cob?"

"Don't you know the cob, you poor, benighted Englishman? Why, it is the—the stock the kernels are set round in."

"Oh!"

"And then I'll make you a pie;" and she smiled merrily at him.

"Oh, I know a pie," he said, indignantly. "Not that I wouldn't like to see you make one," he added, his eyes falling upon her rounded arms as they shone, flesh-tinted, through her gauzy sleeves. He fancied them free even of the gauze, and spotted here and there with flour.

"No, you don't," she contradicted, shaking her laughing face at him. "You know a scrappy meat affair with a dough covering, and you know a 'tart'—a thick slab of pastry spread thin with jam. But a pie is a different thing."

He waited for her explanation, his usual quizzical smile in his eyes.

"A pie," she went on, "is an abundance of rich and juicy cooked fruit—perhaps cherries, perhaps long blackberries, perhaps apples—in a thin envelope of crisp, browned crust. The crust should only hold the fruit, and then dissolve in your mouth, giving it a rich, buttery flavour."

"Do you write for the cookery books, may I ask?" was his comment. And then, when she disclaimed this occupation—

"Well, you certainly must prepare the advertisements for some yeast, or the only sanitary substitute for lard, or something of that sort."

"Oh, you're envious," she said.

"You want some pie—that's it."

"Can you make this ambrosial dish yourself?"

"Sure!" she responded. "Though it's dangerous in our country to tell a young man that." And no sooner was this last spoken than she wished that

she had not said it. "Why?" he promptly inquired, to see what she would say, for he knew as well as she the meaning of the remark.

"Oh, nothing!" laughing confusedly. "I sit here and rattle on and say silly things." And she got up and stood strumming on the net of the racket with her live, pink-cushioned fingers. Hughes rose with her, though his eyes still rested on her averted, flushed face. His first impulse was to tell her with a laugh that he knew what her remark implied, and see what then would come from her quick tongue. But, for some reason, as he watched her, he could not quite make a joke of it. The embarrassment in her attitude appealed to something new in him, and he felt an answering shyness. The flush on her face did not touch his sense of amusement, but rather stirred a certain tender pity in him, so that when he spoke, all he said said was—

"Shall we walk?"

And there was that in his voice that conveyed to her maiden sensitiveness all that he had been thinking and feeling; and as they set off together in silence toward the shaded walks of the Grosser Garten, she turned her eyes upon him for a moment in an appreciative glance, in which there was gratitude for his forbearance, mingled with a recognition of a more delicate intuition than she had known he possessed.

In Jessica the spirit of play was never held long in subjection to formality. One day they wandered farther than usual and found an abundance of long-stemmed wild flowers—some of them new to her, but others, old friends of the New Hampshire hill-sides—and down she sank into their midst and began weaving them into loose chains, while Hughes stood helplessly by at first and then assisted by gathering great bunches farther afield, and piling them at her side. Then she made him sit down and take off his hat, while she wound him round and crowned him with her floral wreaths, singing with bursts of frank laughter snatches of child-time

songs as she worked. And very content he looked when he was not teased by the thought that some one might come.

To end with, she dared him to wear his chains home; but he revolted, alleging that his bondage was plain enough without that. So she wound them all carefully off, and coiled them as a sailor does his ropes in a little recess beside a knoll, and said that he must come there every fair day and wear his chains for a while.

On another afternoon she found some tall dandelions and shouted a happy welcome to them.

"Now I'll show you what I used to do when a little girl," she said, picking several carefully by pushing her fingers deep into the grass toward their roots.

"Sit down there where you can see and learn," she directed, motioning to a place in the grass. "Now," seating herself opposite to him, "watch!" And she put the tube of the dandelion's stem against her full, pursed-up lips, and split it cautiously with the red tip of her tongue that just flashed into sight for a moment. Then she curled each half back and back until, after many mock-serious examinations, she was satisfied. This operation was repeated with three others, while Hughes dutifully watched, though not without a running comment that delayed the business by bringing frequently to the pursed lips the relaxation of a laugh. When the four were done, she put the tight circles on what had been left straight of the dandelion stems into her mouth and drew them out again, laughing girlishly at her own girlishness, when they hung in long, twisting ringlets like the curled hair of a child. Then with great care she adjusted one behind each of their ears, the ringlets hanging over their cheeks in front. Sitting back, they regarded each other with deep, hardly-preserved solemnity, until laughter broke riotously through and they shook loose from their curls like prankish children with a common merriment.

"I will try to think of more games

to play with you," said Jessica, "for I never saw you forget so completely the necessity of maintaining 'that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.'"

"Do, please," he said; but in the saying of it, he stiffened into his habitual calm that seemed ever on the edge of boredom.

Other days of like kind followed—days when the heat imprisoned "Mamma" and two white-clad young folk battled with each other on the soft turf of the tennis courts, calling "fifteen-love" and "thirty-love" and other things across the net, and then strolled off in search of coolness along the heat-emptied paths of the Garten. They were taking the good poet's advice and dwelling in the living present, thinking nothing of the future, though their chat ran often to the past. Into Jessica's conversation there dropped occasionally a reference to "Jack"; and one day it came out that "Jack" was an opera singer and wanted Jessica to go on the stage. Mr. Hughes was dispassionately of another opinion, and incidentally critical of the theatrical profession.

"It's all paint and paste-board on the stage," he said; "and if I had a sister"—he looked very solemn as he said this—"I would advise her to stay off it."

Jessica was silent for a moment. Was that his opinion? Or was it—was it—Jack? It couldn't be. Why, she and Mr. Hughes hardly knew each other; and then Jack—Jack of all persons—it was too ridiculous. But then Mr. Hughes did not know Jack.

"Jack," she said, as if changing the subject, "is to be married to a friend of mine next month."

Mr. Hughes felt that this was more satisfactory even than if he were already married to a friend of hers, but he did not say so. He merely remarked—

"Opera, of course, does give opportunities."

Jessica looked at his square-jawed face, but it revealed nothing save an access of cheerfulness. Yet, being a

woman, she measured the change of temperature to a nicety; and it was a dangerous eye that she turned upon the strolling young Englishman. There was mischief in it, but there was a new interest, too; there was a touch of conscious superiority—of a knowledge of the other's weakness and how to play upon it—but just back of it lay the faintest suggestion of a coming shadow, the shadow of a woman's eternal yearning to submit. Hughes, belonging to the blind sex at its blindest age, saw nothing of this; but when he next met Jessica's eye, even he knew that they had passed another stage on the winding path of acquaintanceship.

When, later, they arrived at the upper hall of the "pension," they met the lady from Maine, who said excitedly—

"Can you go to Meissen to-morrow? Now don't say no. All the others can. I've got them rounded up at last. I was almost despairing."

"Why, I can go," said Jessica, "if Mamma can."

"Well, she can go, for I've seen her; and I think she said 'Yes' to get rid of me."

"It's very kind of you, I'm sure, to take so much trouble," observed Hughes, though he did not look convinced of his own statement.

CHAPTER VII

"I am sorry that that Vassar party got away," said the lady from Maine to her "personally conducted Meissen party," as they were breakfasting together next morning, so as to get an early train. "They never went out to Meissen at all," she went on. "They will go home, having been to Dresden, knowing nothing of 'Dresden china.'"

"Well, they must know a good deal about Dresden," said Mr. Hughes; "for they seemed to me to be going round and round all the time, stopping off at the 'pension' occasionally for some hurried refreshment."

"That's just it," replied the lady

from Maine; "they trail round on the beaten track, seeing what Baedeker tells them to see; but they never use their heads at all to pick out characteristic things. Not that I should criticise, for I used to do that, too, but now I never 'do' an art gallery—I go to see this picture or that—and I go into the shops and talk to the people and learn things all the time." And she took another roll and asked for the marmalade—provided for the English tourists. "Eat plenty," she advised, "for you may get a slim lunch at Meissen."

"I won't 'do' galleries, either," said the Scotch gentleman to his moustache, "when I've done them all to satiety."

There were in the party Mrs. Murney and Jessica, Mr. Hughes, an English lady and her daughter, who had just come to Dresden and who took advantage of the chance to go to Meissen "in a pahty," a firm-chinned American lady, her son and her weary-eyed husband, the Scotch gentleman and his wife and Herr Werner.

"There is rather a good schloss at Meissen, is there not?" asked the young English girl.

"Beautiful!" said the lady from Maine. "Better than the one here, I think."

"It has much of the romance of history," added Herr Werner. "It is that I chiefly go to see."

"There are schlosses everywhere in Germany," said the lady from Maine, with a fine air of impartiality, though it was a hostile eye she turned on Herr Werner, "but there is only one Royal Porcelain Manufactory."

"Pouf!" ejaculated Herr Werner. "Little daubed clay figures!"

The rigid patience on the Maine lady's face was beautiful to see. Mr. Hughes took refuge from the necessity of rebuking such discourtesy by looking as if he had not heard a word.

"I have always heard that the Dresden china is rather artistic," said the elder English lady.

"It is—where it copies Sevres," (he pronounced it "Sever") joined in the

Maine lady's husband, with the emphasis of the long-suppressed. He was taking breakfast with the party, but he was decidedly not going to Meissen "for the fifth time."

"But you don't see anything of the manufacture at Sevres, I am told," put in Jessica.

"Not a thing!" corroborated the lady from Maine, who always seemed to have been everywhere. "They show you one man who pretends to be working with clay, and he gives you a little unglazed cup to hold which breaks in your fingers—they always do that; and that's everything you see, except the museum and the finished work, of course."

"But the finished work!" said her husband, compressing his lips, "that's prime, I can tell you. None of this fried cake business, but art—real art."

"Painting on porcelain," observed Herr Werner, "is difficult, but it is not art. It is a copy of art sometimes, but art seeks the best, not the worst materials. Art does not expend itself in overcoming needless difficulties; it takes the smoothest, shortest road to produce the best picture."

"What do you call porcelain painting, then?" asked Jessica, who felt a desire to protest against so much dogmatism.

"Ornamentation, if you like," returned Herr Werner, coldly, and then moved, perhaps unconsciously, by the feeling that she had the soul of an artist within her to which she should give heed, he cried in a tone of open disgust—"But *you* know it is not art."

"I know nothing of the kind," returned Jessica in prompt resentment, at which some looked up and some looked down, and everybody felt the embarrassment of an approach to a "scene." Herr Werner shrugged his shoulders and poured for himself another cup of coffee.

After breakfast, they all walked over to the great Hauptbahnhof, bought their tickets, and then climbed to the first story, which is on a level with the railway tracks. There the polite Ger-

man officials, in their neat uniforms and their round-peaked caps, showed them the train to Meissen, and they clambered into neighbouring compartments, Mr. Hughes going with the Murney ladies and Herr Werner stalking away to the other end of the car. Jessica had considerable to say, while they waited for the train to start, about the German's rudeness. Her mother said soothingly that she need have nothing more to do with him, and Mr. Hughes added that what such chaps said really did not matter, did it?

The train drew out over a long viaduct, with the city at the right, across the Elbe, and then by level market gardens and low hills and curious German villages, until the grey schloss on the heights above Meissen was to be glimpsed in the distance. Arrived, they all went first to the porcelain works, mounting a stumpy horse-tram at the station, and rolling along through the winding streets of the still mediæval town. There was a fair in progress, which filled the "Grosse Markt" with canvas booths in which every sort of merchandise was sold, from wonderful German cakes to piles of boots, which purchasers sat down on the paving to try on, while long rows of rough-made crockery lay in a bedding of straw strewn down the neighbouring streets. When they reached the porcelain factory, they paid their "mark" each and were conducted over the rambling place by a studious-looking, spectacle-wearing German, who knew enough English nouns to name the things he showed, but who could no more construct an English sentence than he could enjoy English ale. However, the lady from Maine more than made up for his lack, until at last he never seemed to speak except to contradict her. Then they went into the showroom to price "souvenirs" and marvel at the costliness of the simplest cups, while Herr Werner sat on a bench outside in the sunlight, waiting until they should be finished.

When that would have been it would be hard to say, if the firm-

chined new-comer—she was Mrs. Drake, of Jersey City, U.S.A.—had not consulted her watch, and announced that they must go if they wished to lunch on the schloss hill. Whereat Mr. Drake got up from his chair at the end of the showroom nearest the door, in a prompt, well-trained manner, and walked out to the roadside to wait for a tram. His son idled up beside him and stood ready to signal the tram driver with an umbrella.

"What! are they going already?" asked the lady from Maine, peering out of the window.

"Yes," said Mrs. Drake, who was buying another placque while awaiting the waving of her son's umbrella. "It's time for lunch."

"By Jove! so it is," exclaimed Mr. Hughes, straightening up hopefully from a case he thought he was looking at.

"But I haven't shown you half what I wanted you to see yet," protested the lady from Maine pathetically.

Still they all moved out, telling her how grateful they were to her, as they politely carried her along; but she told them of things they had not seen, all the way up in the tram and up the side of the schloss hill, until the massive, battlemented bridge leading into the schloss enclosure filled their attention; and many of them were things the missing of which meant "missing the best of their trip."

The bridge once carried, a division arose. Some were for lunching first and then "doing" the church and the schloss afterward; others favoured visiting the schloss at once, lest a black cloud which was rising in the northern sky, bring rain and spoil the view. Herr Werner and Mrs. Drake led the "now" party, while Mrs. Murney and the lady from Maine were for luncheon first.

"Well, we can divide," said Herr Werner. "They will take a party of five through; so if four others will come with me we can go now, and then lunch while the others are visiting the schloss."

"That's so," said Mrs. Drake brisk-

ly. "There are three of us; you make four, now who will be the fifth?"

Mr. Drake heard this enrolment of himself with the "schloss first, luncheon any time" party without either surprise or enthusiasm, and, sitting down on the wall, he looked sadly far over the fruitful valley and then at the open restaurant window.

"I think we shall go, shall we not, Mamma?" said the English girl.

"We will go to luncheon," said "Mamma," moving off in that direction.

"Well, mayn't I go, Mamma?—I'm not the least bit hungry," asked the daughter in a sweetly submissive voice.

"Just as you like, dear," said her mother, "but you would be the better of a chop."

Then they both smiled lovingly on each other, and the mother went off to the restaurant, and the daughter went and stood, as if for chaperoning, by Mrs. Drake.

The path of the five, with Mrs. Drake and Herr Werner at their head, and Mr. Drake, carrying Mrs. Drake's cloak and the Baedeker, bringing up a slow-paced rear, lay away from the restaurant door, around a gray mediæval church, rising in the centre of the schloss enclosure, and up to the foot of a round corner tower, within which wound a stone spiral stairway—the famous Grosser Wendelstein—to the upper stories. Herr Werner fetched the girl who was to show them through, and she unlocked a heavy door which gave upon the bottom of the stairway, and they disappeared into the gloom of the turret and the Middle Ages.

The others found their way through the restaurant to a garden beyond, which, perched upon its aerie at the edge of a sheer cliff, hung over the red-tiled town far below. But their view to the north was entirely shut off by the blank wall of one of the old religious buildings in connection with the schloss. So it happened that they lunched in peace, not knowing that the black cloud had mounted and spread

over the northern sky like the rising of an inky curtain, and that the world visibly cowered under its oncoming shadow, the air sluggish in fear, the winding river far below complaining hoarsely of the overhanging menace. The grim schloss alone fronted the threatened assault from the lofty top of its rugged crag with no change of face, the sunshine still lying, sickly and pale to death, on its gray mass. About it had played the fires of many a storm, heaven-born and man-made—that was its business in life.

The Murneys and Mr. Hughes finishing first, they crossed the court, still yellow with sunlight, and awaited the others just inside the stairway tower. Down tramped the people from overhead, Mrs. Drake leading.

"There's a big storm coming," she announced, as she swept into the court; "but it may be over before you get through with the schloss"—and she was off toward the corner of the church, around which lay the path to the restaurant. Mr. Drake followed in a downcast manner, though there was now a little glimmer of anticipation in his eye as he thought of luncheon; but young Drake was quite perked up, telling the English girl some fun he had had while rooming in the Latin Quarter in Paris. She patted his self-approval with eager, pleased questions until they were just entering the restaurant door, where her mother still was, when she said in a meek voice—

"Mamma does not " Paris!"

While the Murneys stood waiting with Mr. Hughes just within the shadow of the tower, the first big drops of the storm came and then a swirl of rain. The new darkness lightened a moment, and then the thunder boomed.

"We can't stay here," cried Mrs. Murney. "This place will be struck sure."

"Nonsense, Mamma," said Jessica.

"We're as safe here as anywhere."

"You stay if you want to," replied Mrs. Murney, "but I'm going to ask Mr. Hughes to take me back."

"But I can't stay alone," protested Jessica, wanting to humour her mother

and yet fearing that they would be shut out of the schloss until too near closing hour, if they once let the storm get between them and this door.

"No," admitted Mrs. Murney, and she showed a determination to stay in the schloss and dare the lightning. But another reflection of an unseen bolt glimmered and the thunder crashed again. "The others will come presently if you *will* stay," she cried, and started out into the now heavily falling rain.

"I'll come back," whispered Hughes, and, running after Mrs. Murney, he took her arm in order to help her pace. The slanting rain showed thick against their hurrying backs, and then they disappeared about the gray buttress of the church. A couple of minutes passed, during which the downpour seemed to increase with every second. The big bullying drops fought each other for right of way, and Jessica stepped back within the tower to avoid the spray flung up from their mad self-destruction on the pavement outside. Then gusts of wind swept this way and that across the court, carrying the rain like charging columns before them; and one, dashing in at the deep tower door, drove Jessica several steps up the stairway.

A minute or two more and Hughes should be back. But Hughes and Mrs. Murney had reached the restaurant in a drenched condition; and the party all joined in telling him that it would be simple folly to go out again until this passionate downpour was over.

"It will slacken in a minute or two," said Mrs. Drake, confidently. "Then you can all go."

"I knew of a young man in Budapest once," said the lady from Maine, "who got wet in a rain, caught pneumonia and died."

But Hughes was for going. He did not mind a little rain.

"You shouldna' restrain an eager young man wi' his lady-love imprisoned in a castle tower," said the Scotchman, smiling knowingly all round.

That decided it. "Waters cannot quench love," but scoffing can make it

ashamed to be known. So Hughes awaited with a calm mien but an impatient soul for the "slackening" of a rain that beat down the harder with every minute. It surely must soon exhaust itself.

Once Jessica ventured down to the gusty door to see if he were coming; but she saw only a gray church shouldering up out of sight in a tempest of tumbling rain. Then the deluge swept in at the door, and she ran, with wetted face and spotted dress, up to the first dry turn in the stairway again.

Some one spoke to her in German from behind, and she turned and saw that it was the young girl who acted as guide. She plainly wanted her to do something; and finally Jessica made out that it was to go up into the first room and wait, as she (the guide) must shut the tower door against the storm. Jessica tried to explain that she expected the others back, but the girl apparently said that she would let them in when they came; for she went down and shut and locked the door.

Jessica stood in the half-light for a moment, and then thought that she might as well see the first apartments up-stairs at her leisure. So she climbed the winding stair, grim in its nakedness of heavy stone, and passed into the great hall. She saw the massive columns from which the vaulting sprang; the dim reaches between them peopled with dark, stiff old portraits; the great windows fronting the black north!

And at one of them stood Herr Werner, motionless, watching the raging of the storm.

■

CHAPTER VIII

Jessica stopped instantly and would have turned back, but at that moment the girl, coming up behind her, said something about "Fraulein" in that high, carrying voice tourist guides cultivate; at which Herr Werner turned sharply away from the window and saw her, hesitant, at the doorway. This cut off all possible retreat; for to turn back now to the dark and comfortless turret would be to confess to a

fear of him. So she walked across the shadowed, echoing hall, to a window at the other end, quite away from the silent German. Herr Werner watched her until she reached her window, but neither spoke. Then he asked something of the girl in a growling German, and got quite a lengthy answer, to which he said "Zo!" in mild surprise, and turned again to the wild scene outside. Jessica had noticed, however, when he looked at her first that his face was alight with that rare, inborn glow, which shone from it in his moments of earnestness and exaltation; and she wondered a little at it, for certainly there could be nothing more annoying than this inopportune thunder-storm.

She leaned upon the wide window-sill, and looked out upon the black, wind-harried prospect. It did not look like stopping, did it! she said to herself, unconsciously copying the Hughes form of assertion. The upper sky was a billowing sea of ink, across which scudded torn fragments of cloud, like the tattered battle-flags of a flying army. This she would see; and then the rain would thicken before her eyes, and all become a dark steel-gray. Swirl and dash—and it was beating on the window-glass; and then the charge would pass, and the round, gray-stone tower that shouldered out just beyond her window, dripped and ran with the broken columns of the rain. Right down the steep cliff that fell away almost sheer from the foundations of the castle, the wide tops of the precariously rooted trees bent to the wind, and then fought sturdily back when its pressure lessened. At intervals, the rain seemed to pass, and a wide prospect opened out; far across the narrow river at the foot of the cliff and the hamlet-dotted country, to a watery horizon, banded with a murky yellow.

At the first of these pauses, Jessica thought of Hughes, and turned to hear if he were not coming up the turret-steps. But there was nothing behind her save the empty, twilight hall. The dark old portraits of dead and gone Saxon kings, looked stolidly, indis-

tinctly, out from the walls; the heavy columns and the rich wooden vaulting they supported, showed in dim aloofness from all human interest. What cared they whether Hughes came or stayed, or that a maiden shrank, half-fearful in her loneliness, by one of the great windows, or that the Prince of the Power of the Air marshalled his black cavalry against the storm-scarred outer battlements? In her instinctive turning to human companionship, she glanced quickly to where Herr Werner had been standing, and there he was still, leaning motionless on his window-sill, unconscious of everything but the sweep of the storm. Over him on a side wall was a fresco, which the poor light would not quite unveil; but as she looked at it in idle fascination, there came out of the massed, dull colouring, figures in armour, then faces of iron determination. A flicker of lightning played over it, and she saw a woman kneeling—and was it a child held high on a mailed arm? Ah! those were savage days! And this old schloss on its inaccessible crag had seen its share of them. The familiar rain outside was kindlier far. So she leaned again on the window-sill, watching the high-riding clouds, starting instinctively back at the sudden charges of the rain-laden wind and dazzled by the swift lances of the lightning thrust out from the bosom of the storm.

But, as she watched, her heart grew sensibly greater within her, and her spirits rose to meet the onslaughts of the tempest. She listened for Hughes in the pauses, but there was less and less anxiety for his coming as the minutes went by. The feeling of nervous loneliness was passing from her, and she began to partake somewhat of the sturdy spirit of the schloss itself, lifting its towers to meet the fury of the attack. Let the gusts dash at the window! She straightened herself and faced them. "I am getting brave," she said to herself; "what has come over me?" The rain rushed at the massive tower near her window, and for a moment she could not see it; then it swept on and she looked eagerly out,

and the tower stood grimly unmoved, while the bleeding remnants of the assault dripped from its rough stones. She could have cheered in her sense of personal victory. Surely Herr Werner saw it, and she looked toward him; but he was motionless at his window. Well, she was not alone, for the Saxon kings gazed triumphantly at her from their walls, and she knew that they all rejoiced in the impregnability of her common fortress.

Grim days were they, when men in armour clanked through this great hall and clustered on the upper battlements! Yes, truly; but great days, too, when it was man to man, when danger rode at one from every corner, when a woman was deemed worth dying for, and when there were many things that a knight feared more than to die.

Then, in a flash, it came upon her that this feeling was the soaring, all-seeing consciousness which rose in her in mid-song—which Herr Werner's playing had called up; and for one mad moment she battled against it as a mind fights for sanity. But the wild wind at the great window, the dim reaches of the ancient hall, the spirit of the hour and place fought against her, and she slowly, half fearfully, wholly glad, let her eyes rest again on "the vision and the dream."

Surely that was a step on the turret stair? She turned — apprehensively. Could it be Hughes with his ever-ready amusement at enthusiasm? He would be very wet and very caustic, and very quick to make light of these quaintly decorated rooms with their shadowy memories. The step came to the door — and it was the German girl. Jessica laughed softly at herself. So she did not want Hughes now? Yet she could see a Jessica Murney who would have thought his witticisms very funny, and these dark-panelled walls and stiff portraits very poky and ridiculous. But that was an unworthy Jessica, she decided; a silly school-girl. And how fortunate she was to stand in this great hall alone without the others—the peering, questioning, itemizing, matter-of-fact others, who never saw the

spirit of a thing, so busy were they checking off the thing itself in their guide-books. All thought of loneliness or fear had now left her, and presently she ventured back into the great hall, gradually growing lighter with the lessening of the storm, and walked from portrait to historic fresco and from fresco to portrait, living in the spirit of the mediæval time when it was the doing of things that counted and not the talking of them. Before one fresco she stood quite a while, hardly catching its meaning.

"Do you know the story?" asked Herr Werner at her shoulder. She had not known that he had come up; but she said quite frankly, forgetting all her antipathy to the German:—

"No! what is it?"

Then he told her a tale of plotting, of scaled battlements, of stolen princes and of peasant courage, that stirred her blood as always must a bit of plumed romance made real by saying "and there is where he climbed," and "here is where he dared death."

"How splendid!" she cried, looking up at him with shining eyes. "Ah! those were the days, Herr Werner, when there was no mistaking the manner for the man."

"Yes! yes!" he agreed heartily; but there was wondering surprise in the look he turned on her.

"How full this old schloss is of the spirit of that time!" she went on, half dreamily. "I have been standing at the window watching it battle with the storm; and it fought like a true knight, relying on itself and never asking quarter."

"Good! And you saw it!" cried Herr Werner. "The songstress has come to life then!"

Jessica looked at him with understanding eyes. A sub-consciousness told her that she should be very much offended at his frank outburst, but she knew that she was not.

"Ah! then come and I will show you this schloss, for you will see it," the German went on, his face shining joyously upon her. He turned to lead her to the lower end of the hall, but

stopped in a moment and, bending towards her, added in a half whisper—

"Most people come and look and nod and rush on to another room and look and nod and hurry away; but they see nothing—nothing. Mrs. Drake—would you believe it—she stood in this hall. 'Portraits,' she said. 'Let me see! One-two-d'ree-four-funf-six-and so on to eleven,'" pushing his finger pudgily at each one as he counted. 'But my guide says there are twelve,' she complained. And then 'Herr Werner, Herr Werner! Please ask the Fraulein to show us the twelve portraits.' I asked the Fraulein, and she told us that one has been removed. I tell Mrs. Drake. 'All right,' she said. 'What room comes next?' and off she went. I stayed here." And he waved his arms as if banishing all such folk, and strode off down the hall with Jessica—a wide-eyed, eager Jessica—at his side.

If ever a man was made to tell a legend as if it were very truth, and to breathe into rugged history—history of the mailed hand, the dagger and the dungeon—the pervading soul of reality, that man was Herr Werner. Six feet, erect, a face that out-talked his tongue and kept pace with his eyes, eyes of a sincere blue and a flaming earnestness, the hands of an emotional actor, and a perfect genius for "posing" unconsciously as the central figure of his story, he led Jessica from place to place in the great Hall, and then from room to room in the rambling schloss telling her thrilling tales of Saxon daring and of old-time cruelty and superstition, and the deeds of a might that thought itself the only right. Together they measured the thick, grim walls, and marvelled at their strength; and studied the old portraits with their heavy armour and hardly less heavy robes of office; and re-peopled the old rooms with the court ladies and their cavaliers; and talked of the days when men played the game of life with the highest stake always on the table, not having syndicated their courage nor entrusted their safe-keeping and their ladies' honour to the police.

"That is the one priceless inheritance you European peoples have," said Jessica; "the one thing we can never take nor buy from you, the tangible homes of these mediæval memories."

"They are the inspiration of what is best in us," answered Herr Werner. "Our poetry, our art, our high thinking. But they have a new foe, a foe that, perhaps, you have brought them—the spirit of commercialism."

"The Midas touch," breathed Jessica.

"Yes—though I should rather call it 'the Judas kiss,'" said Herr Werner. "It is that that I fear. Commercialism is very kind to these old piles. It embraces them, it restores them, it flatters them, it advertises them like—like a new soap; and all the world comes rushing to pay its entrance fees and buy its cheap pictures, and tramp through their most sacred places with ignorant questions and blind eyes, hurrying from a porcelain factory to a schloss, and from a schloss to a beer garden, so as to get in a full day." And the blonde head was shaken in disgust.

Jessica was silent; for she saw that other Jessica who looked so like her, but who was of a spirit so dull-sighted, so heavy-footed, hurrying—sightless—to see the sights with all the world.

"And with the tramp of their crowding feet they frighten the familiar spirits of these sacred places away," went on Herr Werner. "Formerly only those came here who had eyes to see—whose hearts had at these shrines worshipped for long, long years. They as pilgrims came—reverent, seeking, seeing. They came alone; and in the hush of a sanctuary from which all modern life was shut out, they communed with the mightiest of the past; and then they went out to write an immortal poem or paint a deathless picture or do a splendid deed."

"And now," said Jessica, with bowed head, "we come in droves for no higher purpose than that no one shall have seen more than we."

"But," protested Herr Werner, "you must not say 'we.' That was yester-

day. To-day you may say 'I,' for you have become an individual—you dare your own life to live—you are at last the woman who sings with your wonderful voice."

"Am I, do you think?" said Jessica, humbly, looking up at him with clear eyes, from which she tried to throw back the last maiden curtain that he might see and judge her truly—for in that brief afternoon Jessica had recognized in Herr Werner blood-kin to her better self.

"Ah!—yes!—yes!" he answered slowly, his whole face deadly earnest with his reading of her. "It is a great thing to say," he went on, "for the woman who sings in you is one of the queens of earth; but, on my soul, I think you are she—and to know you,"

he added in a lower voice, "is to me a great happiness."

Jessica slowly lowered her eyes, thoughtful and content. Then a long sigh rose on her breath.

"What a wide, beautiful world it is," she said, half to herself, "when the clouds have lifted."

Then, prompted by her simile, they both turned to look out of the window, and they saw that the clouds were really lifting and that all the north was streaked with blue; but they did not know that three times had Hughes walked over through the drenching rain and beaten with furious fists on the lower door, and that nothing but his perpetual fear of being absurd had kept him from summoning the police to have the lock forced.

A BY-GONE LOVE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

I KNOW a hero living in a book,
A dusty, dingy book, well hid away
Behind the problem novels of to-day,
In some far corner where but few would look.

Courtly he is in person, pure in thought,
Cleanly in life, of manner somewhat grave,
Never less gentle when most truly brave,
Reverencing woman as a hero ought.

I know a maiden also, passing fair;
Her sweet face blooms from out the dusty page,
A lovely creature of a by-gone age;
To call her "heroine" I hardly dare.

For, though assuredly the hero's mate,
So good, so pure, so womanly is she,
From strange and twisted oddities so free,
I fear that you would find her out of date.

Her laughing glance the hero's pulses stir,
He loves her madly; any one can see
That he aspires to her hand, and she—
She blushes when the hero looks at her.

O dusty little book of charming lore,
Of maidens fair and lovers brave and true,
Go, go, we have no further use for you—
The Realistic Novel has the floor.

HIS FIRST PROPOSAL

By Graham Douglas



HEY were seated in Annette Ford's boudoir, Mrs. Ford and Annette and John Stanway. Through the open window came that indescribable fragrant breath of spring which seems to call for open windows, whispering of purple violets and pure snowdrops soon to come. From the street rose the cheerful notes of a piano-organ, made almost sweet by distance; and the only break in the restful silence that had fallen on the three was when Annette, having exhausted her own supply, borrowed nickels, first from her mother and then from Stanway, to throw at the swarthy Italian down below.

The room was furnished with a certain quaint originality which bespoke the owner, while a delightful irregularity of arrangement, almost Japanese in its expression, carried a delicious repose to the artistic senses and charmed the eye of the favoured few who were allowed to enter in.

Mrs. Ford was the first to break the spell that held them speechless.

"Annette has the most extraordinary tastes," she said, smiling, "and organs are not by any means the worst thing in her category."

Annette laughed. "Mother means cigarettes and golf," she explained to John; "she never did them when she was young—and you taught me both."

Stanway did not look very much concerned at this appalling charge. "Golf's good for you," he said laconically.

"U'm, u'm," from Annette.

"—and the amount of smoking you do will never hurt you. I believe in your heart of hearts you hate it! You only do it because you think it's smart. Isn't that it?"

"I believe I do," said Annette tranquilly, "but I like it, too—I think."

Then she threw another nickel, and the room was still again.

Mrs. Ford sat watching the two young people before her, and thinking of them rather impatiently, if the truth be told. Why was John so slow and Annette so absurdly blind, though she admitted it would be hard for John to be aught else but slow while Annette continued in her present frame of mind, treating him, as she did, like an adored elder brother. If a man had sat and looked at her in her young days, she told herself, as John was looking at Annette now, well—!

As for Annette, she was thinking only of how nice it was *to feel* the spring—and have a hand-organ playing—and know that golf would soon begin. And to have health and happiness. To have plenty of admirers, and a few lovers—and in addition a friend like John Stanway, who was neither admirer nor lover, but just "John." An indefinite jumble of thoughts which might have been summed up in the three words, "youth and beauty."

John Stanway's thoughts were of one person, and one person only—Annette—Annette in short socks and sunbonnets; Annette with fuzzy curls and brief Mother-Hubbards; Annette making the calm request after the many swimming lessons he had given her of "button me up behind, please," for those same Mother Hubbards; Annette, a school-girl wrestling with dates and unpronounceable French words; Annette, a debutante, sweet and dainty, in filmy white, and lastly, Annette of to-day—an Annette who seemed to have no thought of him beyond the one that he could be of "most tremendous use to her, because she'd known him always, and he was so much—oh, much, much older" (six years) "than she was."

It was a peaceful but terribly unsatisfactory state of affairs.

Mrs. Ford broke the silence again.

"Annette, if you don't have that window shut you'll be responsible for

my death—I can feel an east wind—your own, too, for that matter, not to mention John's."

"Oh, Mamma—no! How can you? It's hot! I can smell the spring, can't you?" to John; then as Mrs. Ford showed no signs of yielding, she announced her intention of going out to sit on the rail of the little balcony.

"Annette, are you perfectly crazy?" her mother inquired a little crossly. "Do you want to get a cold in your head and have a red nose, or drop over into the street and break yourself to pieces?"

Annette looks disconsolate for a minute; spring had fairly got into her, giving her a positive longing for fresh air and sunshine; then she brightened up and began to quote mischievously, though in a slow, dolorous tone, "Nobody loves me—God hates me, and I'm going into the garden to eat worms. One nice, big, green, slimy worm for ten cents. Two little, brown, fuzzy—"

Mrs. Ford fled.

"Leave the window open," she said as she went; "John will be able to get down more quickly when he goes to pick you up."

"Now," said Annette, "let us go out. It is pretty disgusting, isn't it?"

"But it's very useful; I can always clear the room in one minute with that thing."

So they went out on the balcony, and she settled herself on the rail with a swing that caused John to make a frantic grab at her.

Annette laughed.

"Look out you don't go first," was all the thanks he got for the attempted rescue, "and give me a cigarette, I just feel like smoking! Nobody can see up here."

It was John's turn to laugh.

"Miss Perversity! This is to prove you like it, I suppose. Come off that place and you may have all you want."

It seems almost unnecessary to state that Annette stayed where she was and got what she wanted; while John stood by, keeping a firm hold on himself and his hands in his pockets so that he

would not clutch at her every little move she made.

Once she turned her head to nod to the departing organ-grinder, and almost lost her balance, which frightened a little cry from her, and wrung a passionate "*Dearest, take care,*" from Stanway's lips.

It startled her to hear such words from him, and even more to feel the throb her heart gave answering his words and the pressure of his arms. John—, she had never thought of such a thing. She wondered why not, now. She slipped to her feet, and looked at him through a new light in which happiness and a vague fear were strangely mixed.

As for John, he only saw the first startled glance, and savagely calling himself a fool, set about in his masculine way to cover up the mischief he had done.

He talked of everything and anything on the face of this earth except himself and the last few moments; and Annette watched him, her eyes opening wider and wider with each fresh topic.

What was the man thinking of? Wasn't he going to propose?

Then her mind wandered back over their many years of friendship.

Of course—he must have loved her always; she could see it in a hundred different ways now. But he had never told her—perhaps he never would, and Annette saw a vision of old maidenhood; of long years, with no better consolation than tea and cats, stretching out before her. Then she thought again, and this time recognized the deep love of his reticence.

And still John held forth.

He would have to get rid of his bull terrier, he was getting too cross to have about with safety. Annette must have that new Brassie he was speaking about; Fenlow said it was just the greatest thing.

On and on he went perseveringly, almost exhausting himself in the effort, and Annette listened and laughed—and laughed again, till John in some surprise asked what it was.

"I was only laughing," she said demurely, "at how much I love you—and you love me."

"No person can see us," he said a few moments later in answer to her protests; "you said so yourself. Sweet-

heart, how long—how long have you *known* you cared for me?"

Annette paused. "One—two—three—four—"

Stanway waited breathlessly; would it be months, or only weeks?

"Minutes!" said Miss Annette Ford, triumphantly.

OVER THE BORDER

A UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST STORY

By E. Seton Valentine



CLEAR young falsetto rang out in the gathering gloom.

"Ride hard, Capt. Philip Aldin, you have enemies on your track!"

"Who are you? And whence do you come?"

"To question number one, a friend. To question number two, the Governor's Mansion at Albany."

"You speak fair, boy? But be careful, give me but the slightest sign of treachery—you see, both my pistols are loaded—and—"

"You would shoot me through the body?"

"Zounds! I would be under that painful necessity."

The youth who had overtaken Aldin now galloped along the stony road abreast of him, laughing.

"Heaven preserve us, but you are bloodthirsty, Captain Aldin."

"Mr. Aldin, if you please. Yes, these are parlous times for a loyal subject of the King, but harmless ones for traitors, even though the Washingtons and Adamses and Putnams and Schuylers are chuckling and swigging their port in this new mock kingdom of theirs. But I doubt not the tables will be turned some fine day."

"And you will be there to help turn 'em?"

"Fore God, I hope so. But I think

you turn off here, young gentleman."

"Do I?"

"It would be prudent, sirrah. I take this road."

"How odd," quoth the youth, laughing. "So do I."

Aldin, biting his lip, drew up for a moment irresolute. Then he dug the spurs into his horse's flanks, turning in his saddle so as to keep his companion in view meanwhile. In his fingers he clutched a pistol, cocked and loaded.

"Very well," he said, addressing himself grimly to his tenacious fellow-traveller, "I shall not be the first to quarrel."

"I doubt if you'll be the last, monsieur. I'm glad you take my advice to make haste, for if you had continued to amble at the pace at which I overtook you, your mare's head would have pointed another way ere this."

"What mean you, boy?"

"Why, that Van Tyne learned of your plot for an unceremonious departure this afternoon. He trumped up a charge of treason to the Confederacy and an officer was sent by General Gates to arrest you twenty minutes before I left."

"Good heavens, the scoundrel! I might have suspected it." Aldin muttered a few words to himself. "Look here, sirrah, before I waste my breath in thanks for your service, who are

you? I don't remember ever having clapped eyes on you before, although the light is dim here."

"I—oh," the other gave a laugh, "I'm General Morris's stable-boy—hostler—postilion, carriage-lackey—what you will—!"

"Zounds! I thought your voice had a somewhat familiar ring in it. Why didn't you say so before?"

"I was afraid to put you out of countenance with a recital of my dignities."

"You have a pretty wit. Are you not ashamed to serve such a traitor, sirrah—such a black traitor as—"

"Stay, you are confounding your parts. It is an old failing with Capt. Aldin. Have you forgotten the play of 'The Two Lovers' at Lady Trimmer's in Pine Street?"

"What, were you there?"

"I helped dress my Lady Trimmer for the part of Sophia."

Aldin laughed. "Well, well," he cried, "I can but repeat—you have a pretty wit, for a traitor's lackey."

"It needs greater wit to be a traitor's ally."

"How? What mean you?"

"Why, that the war is over and done with these two months—and he is no traitor who serves the reigning powers on this continent. General Gates may be a great American lord some day, with as good a title to his patent of nobility, as he that sits at Westminster."

"Zounds, I have heard all this before—from Mistress Jessica Morris, at Alwood. Reigning powers—this continent—Americannobility—pooh, stuff, fiddlesticks. Look you, youngster, if you were General Washington himself riding on a white horse beside me, with his long legs clanking against his nag's ribs and his cocked hat rubbing the skin off his ruddy nose, I would tell you this: Yonder, twenty miles ahead, is a body of 250 men, women and children whose fortunes stand impoverished by this fearful war, yet proscribed and forsaken as they are, those fortunes I would more proudly, gladly share, than consort with any of

these canting time-servers to whom allegiance to King, flag and the Motherland means no more than a suit of clothes they wear to-day and throw off to-morrow. I would rather serve such men in labour and poverty than sit with your Continental Congress in purple and fine linen with a dozen black varlets to scrape and snivel before 'em. *Continental*—forsooth! Go back and take this message to your Governor Morris, that not all this continent is given over to Yankee malcontents, republicans, aye and hypocrites. Tell him for me that thirty thousand loyal Englishmen, good subjects of King George, are on their way north to where, thank God, the old red cross still flies. It will go hard with us, but we will make a nest for ourselves in the wilderness as good as that our forefathers made here.

"Bravely spoken," cried the youth, "although your picture of General Washington is hardly flattering."

"I am no flatterer."

"Yet you are a courtier."

"I say I am no flatterer, and to prove it I tell you bluntly, youth, I begin to tire me of your company."

"So soon? I thought we had been companions together for an hour longer."

"Frankly, I suspect you."

"Me? Suspect me? Of what, pray?"

"Let me see if you are not armed."

"With all my heart. Look!"

"'Tis well. But now tell me what is your object in following me?"

"First, to warn you."

"You are kind. I thank you. I feared my flight would become known. And afterwards?"

"And afterwards? Oh, well, how how could I tear myself away from such agreeable company."

"I warn you not to be facetious. If you are really going my way, I suppose I cannot in decency use force and hinder you. But why are you interested on my behalf?"

"Ah, truly, that is a secret."

"You will not tell? Stay, was it she? Is it her doing?"

"Whose?"

"You know well. If it be she—if you have a message from her, let me know it at once. Stay, I see you have—you falter—you avert your gaze—you—"

"What a wizard you are, *Mr. Aldin*, but in sooth you have guessed rightly."

"And the message—God bless her—don't delay a moment. Give it to me."

"What is your haste? Suppose I have instructions not to deliver the message except at a certain time and place."

"Pooh. 'Tis impossible. She would make no such conditions."

"I' faith she *has*, though!"

The ex-captain, now a fugitive headed for Canada, muttered audibly to himself.

"My heart reproached me with the manner of my leave-taking. But how could I help myself? Alas, no there was nothing to be done! The die was indeed cast and I had only to obey the dictates of my honour and conscience, even though it cost me my happiness and all that I held dear on earth. Come, boy," he said aloud, "look, here is a guinea. I have not many such, and I can ill spare it, but give me your message, if it be indeed from Mistress Jessica Morris and then—be-gone! Do not trifle with me any more."

"Shall I really give it you here—now—on this spot?"

"Certainly."

"Even if she told me not to give it until we reached Schenectady."

"Pooh—what can it matter?"

"She may have had a reason."

"What woman has not."

"Yet she is different from other women."

"Yes, you speak truly there! But come—the message—where is it—in your belt?"

"Nay."

"By heavens you will drive me to vexation in a moment with your yeas and your nays. Do you take the gold I proffer or not?"

"If I do, she shall know you bribed me."

"Tell-tale! Then you shall not have it until ——"

They rode on silently in the darkness. In twenty minutes more they had passed Schenectady fort.

"Who goes there?" bawled a sentinal out of the unseen.

Aldin was about to answer, but the voice of his companion rang out in a rich, clear treble, which caused Aldin to start in his saddle.

"Travellers to Syracuse."

"And the countersign."

"Liberty Hall," replied the youth, flinging him a coin, rare in those days of paper currency.

"'Tis well; good night, gentlemen."

They cantered on at an easy pace until they were clear of the hamlet.

"Why did you do that?" demanded Aldin.

"Rash sir, if I had not, you would have been apprehended by a corporal's guard and sent back."

"And she learnt of this and sent you?"

"Yes."

"And this—*this* is your message?"

"Not quite." There was a strange falter in the youth's voice.

"For heaven's sake, do not keep me in suspense!"

As Aldin spoke he reached out a hand and clutched the other's bridle; both horses came to a standstill.

"I must know and *now*?" He spoke imperiously.

"And you shall. It is this: Jessica Morris loves you, Philip Aldin, and in spite of father, mother, sister and brothers will fly with you to the ends of the world."

So saying the youth flung off the hat, revealing a cluster of yellow curls, flung back the military cloak and laid a soft trembling little hand in Aldin's.

He gave a cry.

"Jessica! my darling!"

The answer came with a sob.

"Philip!"

And the ride to the border was interrupted.



Current Events Abroad

By
John A. Ewan

THE Irish Nationalists have with singular unanimity accepted the land bill in its main outlines, and as it is pretty certain that the Unionists will with few exceptions follow their leaders, there can be little doubt that the great measure will in a short time be law. Those of us who are old enough to remember a number of measures which were expected to settle Irish disaffection once for all, and nevertheless failed to make the least impression on the distressful island, may be pardoned for entertaining some misgivings as to the results of this measure. There can be no doubt, however, that most of the woes of Ireland have sprung from unhappy land conditions. This bill will cure some of them, and if it will transfer the ownership of the soil to the actual cultivators of it, and secure them in the possession of it, we may well believe that three-fourths of Irish irritations will have passed away. For we may well believe that when a great majority of the people of Ireland have a landlord's interest in the maintenance of peace and order, these two indispensable conditions of civilized life will be more likely to prevail than when the peasant feels that he has no particular interest in either. When the great proportion of a people feel that they would be as well off under anarchy as under rule and order, the probabilities of securing the latter are not good. Events, however, have such a trick of

taking unexpected courses that one hesitates to be too sure as to the outcome of so radical a new departure. It is possible to conceive, for example, that the new proprietors having escaped the landlord may throw themselves into the hands of the mortgagee. At all events, the Imperial authorities are deserving of credit for having adopted so bold a plan for pacifying and redeeming Ireland. One fact alone establishes it as proceeding from true statesmanship. Mr. Wyndham said in his speech introducing the measure, that the annual charges upon the £12,000,000, which is granted in aid of the carrying out of the scheme, will be £300,000. But the promotion of good will and better feeling will enable reductions to the extent of £250,000 a year to be made in the appropriations for preserving the peace in Ireland. Surely it is better to spend £250,000 in making the peasant a landowner than in paying policemen to prevent him becoming a felon.



The Czar has again shown that he possesses the instincts of a benevolent reformer. The chief points of his recently issued manifesto are the proclamation of religious toleration, and the provision by which a peasant may sever himself from the village community to which he belongs. There is a rumour to the effect that these reforms have followed from the Czar's intimacy with M. Demtchinsky, a savant who first attracted the Emperor's attention by the accuracy of his weather forecasts. It is said that after a conversation on the condition of the people, the Czar asked M. Demtchinsky to communicate his views frankly in a written report. This the courageous scientist did, and the result is said to be the manifesto already

mentioned. The fact is, that Western thought is beginning to pierce the masses of Russia. The growth of industries has largely increased the number of people who earn their livelihood in factories, and as might be expected, modern ideas have grown there very rapidly. Among men who have been oppressed for ages it is the more violent ideas which find a lodgment. The Czar's reforms would seem to be a concession to the spread of these ideas, although he tries to persuade himself or his readers that the principles which he seeks to establish are not principles which have intruded themselves from outside, but are, in fact, distinct and indigenous products of Russian life, having always existed

therein, though for a time inoperative or lost sight of. The present Czar will be remembered as the legitimate successor of that ancestor who performed for Russia a more memorable and enduring emancipation than that with which the name of Abraham Lincoln is associated.

The commission which was appointed to hold an enquiry into the conduct of the South African war is sitting from day to day, and among the witnesses are names which were familiar as household words a few short months ago. Several of the witnesses have declared that the marksmanship of the regular soldier was in the main as good as that of the Boer. The British officer may flatter himself that

this was the case, but no one who read the despatches or who saw the result of encounters between the two, will help him to maintain his self-delusion. It is customary to explain the large preponderance of casualties on the British side by saying that they were always under the necessity of attacking. This was undoubtedly the case in the early stages of the war, but in the latter months of it the Boers did some attacking. It may be quite admitted that the burghers who remained in the field under DeWet, De la Rey and Botha, were the flower of the fighting men of the two nations. They were undoubtedly the stout-hearted, and they were also likely to be the men most accustomed to the hunt, to the trek, and to the camp, and therefore best used to live in the open and handle a rifle effectively. It is no use blinking the fact that a body of these men were more than a match for an equal num-

"PUNCH'S" VIEW OF THE IRISH LAND BILL



HIS CHEF-D'ŒUVRE

(For the Westminster Royal Academy)

MR. G-RGE W-NDH-M—"The contented Irishman"! It's a good subject—best thing I've done. If *this* isn't accepted, well, I don't know what they *do* want!"—Punch.



"APRIL FOOLS"

"Make vay, you Englisch ox pig; von't you see
Zeese leetle bits of map were meant for we!"

"Prance on my coat-tails, pummel, pinch and pull!
You're all just April fools!" guffawed John Bull.

—John Bull, April 1st.

ber of British soldiers. Time and again during the long, irregular warfare in the Free State the men of the guerilla generals made rushes at bodies of their foes greatly outnumbering them, and generally got away from the encounter with insignificant loss, while leaving scores of their opponents dead or wounded on the ground. While there is some unconscious exaggeration in DeWet's book, there can be no doubt that in the main it is a narration of fact, and how the British army officer in view of it can persuade himself that his men were as effective rifle-handlers as the enemy, may be left to be explained.



Surely it will not be said that the British soldier could not be expected to be as handy with his weapon as a Boer voortrekker. We confess, however, that that is what we would expect. Here is a man set apart for the purposes of war. He does nothing else but learn his business. Disguise

it as we may, the main duty of a soldier when on active service is to kill as many of the opposing force as possible. The way to accomplish this purpose is to make the man a deadly shot. The rifle, in the hands of rapid marksmen, cool and collected in the confidence of their own powers, has been found to be more destructive than shrapnel, pom-poms, machine guns, or any other form of destructive engineering. Even a small army of such men would demoralize the swollen battalions of Europe. It is not merely shooting at a mark, but shooting in the way in which it has to be done in modern warfare. Judgment of distance, shooting almost from the hip, shooting at the right time and not before or after the fateful moment—these and a score of more similar acquirements need to be taught the British soldier. Good marksmanship of the right kind should be encouraged. It should mean extra pay to the soldier, and when this has been done he will

not at least supply the dead meat for the vulture, as was too frequently the case in South Africa.



The Newfoundlanders are beginning to lose hope of getting a treaty with the United States. When this fact is made quite plain it ought to be a good time for considering the inclusion of the island as one of the provinces of the Dominion. There is a feeling in Canada that the advances should come from Newfoundland, but it should be made abundantly clear that Canada would welcome the islanders. The maritime interests of the two countries are so identical and interwoven that it would be statesmanlike to unify them. Canadians are quite aware that the big island is not quite all that some of its patriotic sons describe it, but be it what it may, it is a natural geographical adjunct of the Dominion. We believe that union with Canada would mean much for Newfoundland, and that some of its most harassing questions would quickly be settled with the force of the Dominion behind them.



The great Russian autocracy is decidedly busy these days. The rumblings of the long-delayed dissolution of Turkish power in Europe calls for constant alertness on her southern border; Britain has notified the world that the attempt of any other nation to establish itself on the Persian Gulf will be resisted by the whole power of the Empire, and in Manchuria she finds her designs not only opposed by England and Japan, but also by the new world-power, the United States. The attitude of the latter is the most novel feature of the international politics of the month. It is evidently quite a surprise to the Russian Foreign Office. It is true that in 1899 the United States was assured that Russia would maintain the "open door" in Manchuria, and when the allies occupied Chinese territory, following the massacre of 1900, there was a further assurance that in due time Russian

troops would be withdrawn from Manchuria. Count Lamsdorff, in January, 1902, sent a note to Mr. Tower, the American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, saying, among other things, "It is true that Russia has conquered Manchuria, but she still maintains her firm determination to restore it to China and recall her troops as soon as the conditions of evacuation have been agreed to."



Now the Chancellor seems astonished that the United States insists on the implementation of these assurances. The disturbing element in the situation, however, is that there was an evident resolution to do something that could not fail to rouse Japan to a very dangerous mood, and put the Anglo-Japanese alliance to a severe and immediate test. The calculation seems to have been that after the heavy financial sacrifices entailed by the Boer war, Great Britain would be very unwilling to be dragged into a still more costly quarrel. A failure to do something resolute would, on the other hand, strain the alliance with Japan to the breaking point. In addition to Japan and Britain, the Bear unexpectedly finds himself face to face with the United States. It is not so much the material strength that the United States can throw into the scale, it is the impartiality of the position they occupy. These States have not been mixed up in the antique feuds of the old world, and no one, therefore, can impute Secretary Hay's position to old grudges or spites. He is in the strong position of one to whom a promise has been made, and who demands that the other party shall keep it. The hands of Britain and Japan have been enormously strengthened. Secretary Hay is very generally supported by public opinion. The general view of the Republican press is voiced by the New York *Tribune*, which concluded a leading article on the matter as follows:—"It is the indisputable treaty right of America to enjoy in every part of China every privilege that Russia enjoys. The scrupulous maintenance of that



THE CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP

How *Punch* views King Edward's visits to European capitals

right is all America asks. It will be satisfied with nothing less." This is thorough enough, and if the American demand is conceded it cannot be refused to any other nation, and the Russian pretences virtually fall to the ground.

The three facts that plainly shadowed forth the Russian intentions was the massing of troops at New Chwang and along the Lias river, and the opening of a special customs-house at Dolny, altogether independent of the Imperial maritime customs of which Sir Robert Hart is the administrator. This opening of what is virtually a Russian customs-house is even more significant, more declarative of sovereignty, than the occupation of Manchuria by Russian troops. Had the Russians been able to carry it through, the filching of Manchuria from China would have been complete.



It must be exceedingly irritating to the great Northern Power to read sim-

ultaneously with this Lord Lansdowne's proclamation of Great Britain's interest in the Persian Gulf. Some one has said that it is the application of a Monroe doctrine to that part of the world. It certainly resembles the position of the United States towards South America. Britain does not want to appropriate territory on the Gulf, but merely announces that she will allow no one else to do so. The declaration has been forced by reason of the insidious efforts that have been made for a long time past to stir up two of the petty princes of that coast against each other, one of them being a protege of Great Britain. It was decidedly better to make such an announcement of policy than to let matters drift into an entanglement out of which there might be no peaceful self-respecting way. Nevertheless, it must be rather a bitter pill for Russia just at the moment when she is bidden to relinquish her designs on Chinese territory.



WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

TIME'S PACES

When as a child I laughed and wept,
Time *crept*.
When as a youth I dreamt and talked,
Time *walked*.
When I became a full-grown man,
Time *ran*.
When older still I daily grew,
Time *flew*.
Soon I shall find in travelling on,
Time *gone*.

—Selected

THROUGH the powerful influence of popular custom, "the leafy month of June" has come in recent years to be more suggestive—to the feminine mind, at least—of orange blossoms and bridal veils than of the roses and filmy summer clouds with

which the poet's pen has long associated it.

This is the month of months for great Hymen who for the space of four short weeks will reign supreme, while his chief high priest, Cupid the Capricious, offers up before him an endless procession of white-robed brides who, one after another, cheerfully immolate themselves upon his altar, smiling and unafraid.

And by the way, forty or fifty years ago the smiling bride was an unknown quantity. It used to be considered "good form" not only for the bride to appear to be submerged in woe, but for the entire wedding party to weep copiously throughout the ceremony.

In 1827 this lachrymose fashion was at its height, and we are told by one of the wedding guests that when Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton married Miss Rosina Wheeler, both bride and bridegroom were "overcome with sensibility, pale, tottering and tearful."

A weeping bride is a sufficiently distressing spectacle, but a tearful bridegroom must indeed be a sorry sight.

We have cause to be thankful that omnipotent fashion kindly permits us to-day to make of our weddings what one would naturally suppose them to be—happy, joyful festivals in which neither tears, regrets nor misgivings have any part or place.

Apropos of the wearing of orange blossoms with the bridal veil, the introduction of this custom amongst us is comparatively recent, having come with

many other fashions in dress from Spain, to which country it is said to have been brought by the Moors many centuries ago.

There is, however, an old Spanish legend which gives a different account of its origin. According to this story, soon after the importation of the orange tree by the Moors, one of the Spanish kings had a specimen of which he was very proud, and of which the French Ambassador was extremely anxious to obtain an offshoot. The daughter of the king's gardener was aware of the ambassador's desire and in order to obtain the dowry necessary to enable her to marry her lover, she managed to secure a slip of the tree which she sold to the Frenchman at a high price.

On the occasion of her wedding she acknowledged the important part played by the orange tree in bringing about her happiness by binding in her hair a wreath of its blossoms, thus inaugurating a custom which has since become almost universal.

As we are on the subject of weddings, prospective brides may learn with interest that there are thirty-two days in the year on which it is supposed to be unlucky to marry. They are: January 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10, 15; February 6, 7, 8; March 1, 6, 8; April 6, 11; May 5, 6, 7; June 7, 15; July 5, 19; August 11, 19; September 6, 7; October 6; November 15, 16, and December 15, 16, 17.

The ungallant supplier of this important information adds the superfluous remark—to which, of course, no one will pay the least attention:—"According to some masculine testimony, there are 365 days in the year on which it is unlucky to marry; except in leap year, and then there's one more."

With the first month of summer begins the yearly exodus from city to country, the tired dweller in cities "made by men" turning instinctively for rest and refreshment to the country "made by God."

6

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" journeys the weary citizen, to settle down with a sigh of relief in some peaceful village or lonely hamlet, happy in the thought that here in a blessed land of blue, unclouded sky, tranquil lake and whispering trees, there can surely be no room for the sin and suffering, cruelty and oppression that stalk on the highways and lurk in the by-ways of the teeming city. "Here," he thinks, "may one indeed be at peace, with naught to distract and harrow one's soul."

And yet, since by man sin and suffering came, wherever man sets his foot the trail of the serpent can be found; and my experience and observation have led me to the sorrowful conclusion that much more unnecessary suffering is inflicted upon animals in the country than in the city, where the arm of the law is long and strong.

In almost every city a vigilant humane society is doing splendid work, and although the penalty inflicted upon torturers of animals is usually absurdly inadequate to the offence, yet the knowledge that prosecution and conviction will follow a too flagrant abuse of one's power must be somewhat of a deterrent to the savages of the city.

Out in the country, however, and in small villages, where the magistrate is fain to curry favour with one and all of his fellow-townsmen, there is nothing to stay the hand or check the temper of anyone who, "drest in a little brief authority," feels himself free to work his will upon whatever helpless animal may be in his power. Personally, I have never heard of such abominable cruelty elsewhere as I have witnessed in the country.

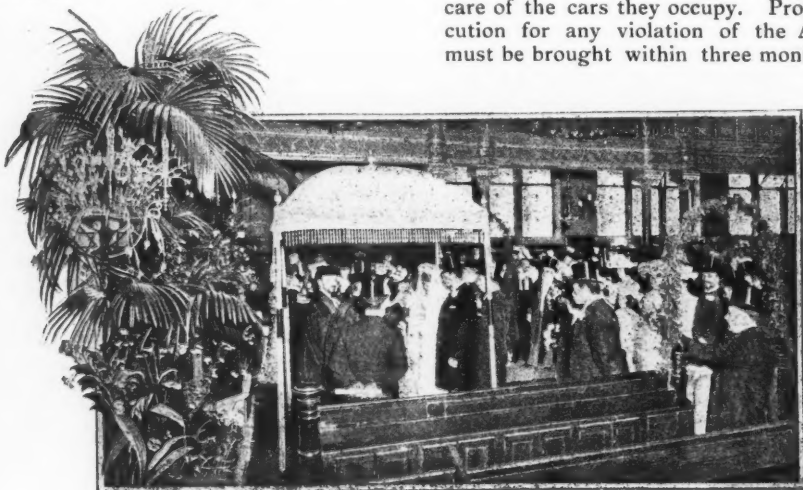
Ignorance as to where to appeal in behalf of suffering horses and tortured cattle, and a general feeling of helplessness in regard to the whole matter, led me to send to Ottawa for a copy of the last Dominion Act respecting cruelty to animals. From this Act I quote the following:

2. Every one who wantonly, cruelly or unnecessarily beats, binds, ill-treats, abuses,

overdrives or tortures any cattle, poultry, dog, domestic animal or bird—or who, while driving any cattle or other animal is, by negligence or ill-usage in the driving thereof, the means whereby any mischief, damage or injury is done by any such cattle or other animal—or who, in any manner, encourages, aids or assists at the fighting or baiting of any bull, bear, badger, dog, cock or other kind of animal, whether of domestic or wild nature, shall, on summary conviction before two justices of the peace, be liable to a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars or to imprisonment for any term not exceeding three months, with or without hard labor, or to both.

Province, shall confine the same in any car, or vessel of any description, for a longer period than twenty-eight consecutive hours, without unloading the same for rest, water and feeding for a period of at least five consecutive hours, unless prevented from so unloading and furnishing water and food by storm or other unavoidable cause, or by necessary delay or detention in the crossing of trains.

The Act also provides for the proper care of cattle (which term includes all live stock, horses, sheep, mules, goats, swine, etc.), while being transported in train or vessel, and for the proper care of the cars they occupy. Prosecution for any violation of the Act must be brought within three months



A JEWISH WEDDING—THE BRIDEGROOM AND THE MALE GUESTS WEAR THEIR HATS DURING THE CEREMONY IN THE SYNAGOGUE. A JEW NEVER OFFERS PRAYER WITH THE HEAD UNCOVERED. THE CANOPY IS STYLED "CHUPPAH"

4. If any such offence is committed, any constable or other peace officer, or the owner of any such cattle, animal or poultry, upon view thereof, or upon the information of any other person (who shall declare his name and place of abode to such constable or other peace officer), may seize and secure, and forthwith, and without any warrant, may convey any such offender before a justice of peace within whose jurisdiction the offence was committed, to be dealt with according to law.

8. No railway company in Canada whose railway forms any part of a line of road over which cattle are conveyed from one Province to another Province, or from the United States to or through any Province, or from any part of a Province to another part of the same, or owner or master of any vessel carrying or transporting cattle, from one Province to another Province, or within any Province, or from the United States through or to any

after the commission of the offence. If every man and woman will this summer constitute himself or herself an individual humane society, the outlook for animals everywhere will be immeasurably brightened.

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The Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire have never had a more successful or more interesting annual meeting than that held last month in Toronto, to which the gracious presence of her Excellency Lady Minto lent special brilliance.

The work being done by the Order, as a whole and by its various chapters

as individual units, is too wide and varied to be described here in detail, but the writer was particularly impressed by the reports of what is being done amongst the children of the Order, especially that branch of the work known as the Correspondence, Comrades and School Sinking Schemes, the excellent influence of which it would be hard to overestimate.

This seems, indeed, to be a subject of such Empire-wide interest that the Editor of *Woman's Sphere* obtained permission from Mrs. Strathy, the Convener of the Junior Branch Committee to reprint in these pages that part of her report explanatory of the scheme and its results, as follows:

"In the last few months the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire have been directing much of their energy to fostering a scheme that will bind more closely together the children of the Empire all over the world. The plan is officially known as the School Sinking Scheme. Its headquarters in England are 67 Great Russell St., London, and in Canada, 5 Elmsley Place, Toronto. The idea is to link schools with each other in every quarter of the globe. Schools of a like general character are paired and exchange letters, essays, photographs, natural history specimens, etc. It only needs a moment's reflection to enable one to realize what a source of interest and education this may be made for the children. The younger generation have not yet learnt to dread the postman's ring; letters to them spell joy and interest. Think of the little country school in the heart of Manitoba or New Ontario put into touch with a little village in the old land or a big board school in London united to one of our large city schools. How much the children will unconsciously teach each other of the unity of the Empire, and what a strong bond the links may make in the years that are to come.

"A common bond of union is the motive with which the Daughters are always working. In this Canada of ours the divisions are so multiplied—

religious, social, political barriers so meet us at every turn that almost every dozen people we find draw 'the line at —' so and so. The Daughters represent a body that knows no distinction in creed or race, social or political; to be a British subject is the only essential for membership, and to be universal is its one ambition. In two years it has attained a membership of almost three thousand women.

Not long ago a certain inquisitive individual decided to ascertain what attribute, according to the masculine mind, was most potent in determining a girl's popularity, and would be most prized in his spouse by the average husband. The question being put to a number of men brought the almost unanimous answer "cheerfulness;" and if the same number of women were asked what quality they most admired in men, it is safe to predict that the consensus of feminine opinion would fix upon the same virtue.

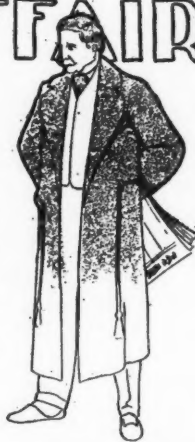
The universal craving for brightness and optimism in others, at least, is without doubt one reason for the great popularity attained by Alice Hegan Rice's little stories of the happy-hearted denizens of "The Cabbage Patch." The charm of *Mrs. Wiggs* lies in her unflinching preaching and living of the gospel of cheerfulness, and her simple philosophy of life is one that every woman, high and low, might accept with comfort and profit to herself and her fellows.

"If you want to be cheerful," *Mrs. Wiggs* admonished *Lovey Mary*, "jes' set your mind on it and do it. . . . When things first got to goin' wrong with me, I says: 'O Lord, whatever comes, keep me from gettin' sour!' . . . Since then I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid an' smile. . . The way to git cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when yer own is 'most bustin', and to keep on believing the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut."

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



ONE evening in the fall of 1896, I dined with the Hon. David Mills at the Walker House, Toronto. Afterwards in his room, he told me he had been asked to take a vacancy in the Senate—he had been defeated at the general elections of that year. He apparently did not relish being banished to the upper chamber, feeling that his influence would be limited, and because he had always been opposed to the constitution of that body. He was struggling with the necessity of



making a decision. The one strong influence which he could not wholly resist was that of Sir Oliver Mowat, and he exhibited a long letter from Sir Oliver which he had just received. The Laurier administration was getting into working order, and the developments

were not wholly pleasing to Sir Oliver. He desired Mr. Mills's assistance and co-operation, and he desired to have it at once. I do not know whether that letter will ever be given to the public, but it should be, because it throws a strong light upon the events of that year. It was a mere accident that I should have seen it, and the importance of it is my only excuse for recounting this personal experience. The death of Sir Oliver Mowat on Sunday, April 17th, and of the Hon. David Mills, May 8th, recalled the incident.



THE LATE HON. JUSTICE MILLS, WHO DIED SUDDENLY AT OTTAWA ON MAY 8TH

Canada has lost two good men in Mowat and Mills. And yet the memories of them will live in the minds of those who knew them and in every properly written history of the country. They were quite different in many ways, but similar in others. Each was a high-minded, honourable, just and Christian patriot. Each preferred to serve his country rather than to engage in selfish money-getting. Each had a broad knowledge of history and constitutional law, and each left his impress on both. Sir Oliver Mowat assisted at the making of Confederation; Mr. Mills assisted Sir John Macdonald in the constitutional development which followed upon the formal act of union.

The life of the Hon. David Mills was slow in working out its high development, for he was not a brilliant man. He began life as a school teacher and became superintendent of the Kent county schools. He entered parliamentary life in 1867, and sat in every Parliament that has since been held at Ottawa, missing only two sessions. In February, 1902, he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court, which position he held at the time of his sudden death. He was Minister of the Interior during the last two years of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie's administration (1876-1878), and Minister of Justice for a little over four years under Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Summed up in this way Mr. Mills's progress seems sure and sufficient. It was not satisfactory to himself, however. He was ambitious to be higher in the political ranks than it was destined he should be. He was regarded as a theorist and a book-worm, and somewhat resented the attitude towards himself maintained by the less scholarly, but more practical, politicians who controlled the destinies of his party. He despised practical politics, by which he would have meant the handling of government patronage so as to bring friends and funds to his party. He knew when he was right, and would have appealed for public support on this ground alone, trusting to the good sense and reason of the people. Appeals to these qualities have seldom been tried in this country without the use of the accessories, so it is difficult to say what the result would have been had Mr. Mills ever been the leader of a party.

Mr. Mills's best work for his country was done in his speeches, his magazine articles, and the admirable lectures on constitutional history and law which he delivered to the students of the University of Toronto between 1888 and 1897. He was, during the last fifteen years of his life, our foremost authority on constitutional development and international law, and here his loss will be keenly felt.

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THE LATE SIR OLIVER MOWAT, G.C.M.G., WHO PASSED AWAY ON APRIL 19TH, AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO

Of Sir Oliver Mowat, I cannot speak with the same personal knowledge. Yet one who has read the record of his life, and who has witnessed the scenes which took place at his death and burial, cannot but feel that he was a mighty influence in his day—and that an unusually long day. When the four black horses, heavily draped, drew his remains up Yonge St., Toronto, to the cemetery, which lies on the bluff over-looking the city, they were followed by the leading citizens of the land and a vast concourse of sorrowing personal friends. A man who in death could command so much respect must in life have been not only great, but good. And men who are both great and good are not numerous.

One of the latest appearances of Sir Oliver Mowat was at a banquet of the Canadian Club of Toronto, in January, 1898, at which the writer was chairman. Sir Oliver complimented the

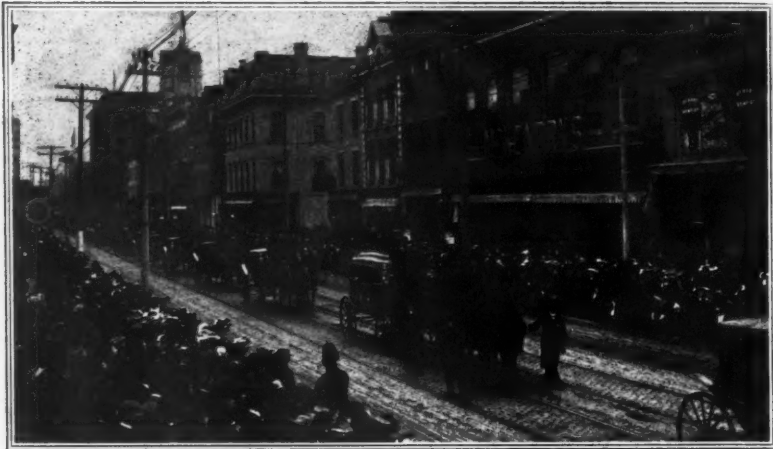


PHOTO BY GALBRAITH

FUNERAL CORTÈGE OF SIR OLIVER MOWAT PASSING UP YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Club upon its object of uniting Canadians for the study of Canadian arts, literature and institutions. He recalled his first days in the old Canadian Parliament before Confederation, when there was little Canadian spirit and little real union of the provinces. He described the effects of Confederation with the precision and knowledge of one who had seen both periods in our history. He rejoiced over the growing manifestation of unity in the more enthusiastic Canadian sentiment and in the selection of a French Canadian as Premier. He re-affirmed his confidence in the great future which lay before the greater Canada of which he was one of the fathers. This was the summing up of his simple and patriotic philosophy.

Sir Oliver was not great in the ordinary sense of the term. He was clever, shrewd and tactful. The opportunity was not too great for him, nor did it find him diffident and shrinking. He was small of stature, yet confident and courageous. But he was not a constructive statesman, else he had been in Dominion politics instead of being Vice-Chancellor of Ontario from 1864 to 1872, and Premier of Ontario from 1872 to 1896. He was a splendid administrator, but conceived no large

and striking policy. It was perhaps a blessing that Ontario should have had such a man through the trying years of her political childhood. A man with larger ideas and more initiative might have burdened the Province with debt and discontent.



At the dinner given to Mr. Sydney Lee by the Canadian Society of Authors on May 11th, a letter was read from Professor Goldwin Smith. This letter is worthy of preservation, since in it the Professor quietly intimates that Canada is not wanting in culture and in a knowledge of the past and present literature of the English-speaking world; that the outskirts of the Empire possess men as keenly alive to what is good in letters as are those who live at the centre. The letter is as follows:

THE GRANGE, May 8, 1903.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY,—The vestiges of a recent illness, combined with the increasing infirmities of age, oblige me to refrain from attending public dinners, and deprive me of the opportunity, which I should otherwise have most gladly embraced, of taking part in the homage which you are paying to the literary eminence and achievements of Mr. Sydney Lee. In the Preface to a historical work of my own, I have acknowledged the noble service rendered to English history by

the editors and writers of the National Biography. Let me very heartily repeat that acknowledgment as a tribute to your present guest. He will, I am sure, find literary Canada in full sympathy with literary England on this point. I hope that Mr. Sydney Lee's stay among us will be pleasant, and that he will carry back to England agreeable reminiscences, with an assurance that we are not wanting in love of literature or in gratitude for high literary service.

Yours very truly,
GOLDWIN SMITH.

If any proof of this were required it was furnished by the gathering which greeted Mr. Lee on this occasion. It was representative in every way, and most of those present were the peers of the guest in knowledge and culture if not in opportunity and reputation. Nor was Mr. Lee ungenerous in his remarks of Canada and of her writers. With delicate tact and graceful generosity he paid his tribute to Canada's historical record and growing importance as well as to her prose-writers and poets. He referred particularly to Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Sir Gilbert Parker, J. S. Willison and Professor Edgar. Nor did he forget to pay homage to the unsurpassable prose style of Professor Goldwin Smith.

Any Canadian city that has accepted the money of Andrew Carnegie has done something of which its citizens will eventually be ashamed. Mr. Carnegie made his money under conditions which, while perhaps fair and honest, are not the ideal conditions of industry. Millions made from stock-watering are not honestly made. This however is not a fault confined to the millionaires of the United States.

A greater objection to this multi-millionaire's money lies in the opposition which Mr. Carnegie has always maintained to Canada and Canadian nationality. He has belittled us whenever opportunity offered, and has done his utmost to persuade the people of the United States that it is their duty to annex Canada. He has spurned us with his foot. He has traduced the fair name of the Dominion. He has

intimated that our national progress is only a figment of our imagination, that our natural resources are not worth consideration, and that our national ambitions are those of "mere colonists."

In the face of such an attitude, he has ventured to bestow his largesse upon us. We have grovelled in the dust to secure the glittering coins which he has thrown to us. We have bartered our national pride and our self-reliant spirit for a few hundred thousands of his millions. We have to some extent proven ourselves to be exactly what he claims we are—hypocrites, weaklings, time-servers. If Andrew Carnegie laughs at us, we have only ourselves to blame. If the world despises us for having erected Carnegie libraries as monuments to our bartered manhood, to the glory of this stock-manipulator, and to the greatness of the United States where he accumulated his wealth, we cannot accuse it of injustice.

May has been, as usual, productive of a large number of strikes and lock-outs. The labouring men of Canada are keen in their pursuit of affluence. To attain this end, they are endeavouring to keep out of Canada any British or foreign immigrant possessing industrial skill, to keep out cheap Chinese and Japanese labour, and to force Canadian employers to pay higher wages.

No person will deny the right of mechanics or any other class of people to form a union and to work for their own advancement, socially and financially. Yet all this endeavour must be subject to the best interests of the country. Whether the trade unions are making exorbitant demands in the way of wages, power to combine, and immigration restriction is a difficult matter to decide. So far this season's strikes have not resulted in notable victories, and this would seem to indicate that wages are as high as industry and commerce can bear.

John A. Cooper

BOOK REVIEWS



SUMMER READING

PEOPLE are now planning their summer reading. This process consists of collecting bargain paperbacks at the departmental stores and borrowing current fiction from their neighbours' winter collections. Little judgment and less knowledge are generally displayed by these collectors since they believe that reading is in itself a useful and meritorious occupation, aside from any consideration of the quality of the matter read. All of which is foolishness.

A young business man asked my advice the other day about reading, his complaint being that he found little leisure to acquire general knowledge. I suggested that he look backward instead of forward, and decide what had been published in the past that appealed to him—history, politics, biography and fiction, make a list of the titles and divide into yearly parts of twelve titles each. If there were fifty books among the masterpieces of the world which he desired to read, he would thus cover the ground in four years and two months. He was much impressed with the idea that in less than five years, by reading one book a month, he could become familiar with fifty great books.

The trouble with most people is that they read without a plan, without a purpose, and they read indiscriminately. Many a woman has wasted some of the most precious hours of her life poring over cheap, tawdry fiction in a vain, silly attempt to keep abreast with current literature. She is afraid to ad-

mit to her friends that she does not read the novels of the day. Why she should have this fear, this cowardice, she cannot explain. She desires her reading to be as up-to-date as her slang, her gossip and her millinery—all evidences of her weak devotion to fashion.

For the summer every man or woman should arrange to read regularly one or two good magazines. These reflect the current events and current thought, besides keeping the reader posted on new books of a noteworthy character. In addition, there should be a selection of books from the general list, some history, some biography, some fiction, and at least one volume of good verse. For the Canadian reader, the following suggestions may be useful as a guide:—

1. A good work on some period in Canadian history.
2. One novel by Parker, Laut, Fraser, Roberts and Connor.
3. One volume on the Northwest by McDougall, Young or Maclean.
4. A volume by Dr. Drummond or Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion."
5. Several well-selected volumes by the best writers of England and America—trash excluded.



CURRENT NOVELS

The novels issued recently are of small importance. "Lady Rose's Daughter," reviewed last month, may be an exception. There is nothing else striking.

The student of the War of 1812, if he has time to spare, will find "The Trail of the Grand Seigneur"* a readable book. It deals with the events which centred about Sackett's Harbour, but also includes some adventures at Little York and in the Niagara peninsula. The writer is an American, but tolerably fair. For example, in speaking of General Brown, he says:—

"Had the reins of power been held by Brown's fingers, I believe that in place of those Canadian campaigns which must forever, through the crass blunders and cowardice of monumental military weaklings, be my country's shame, there would have been one grand movement, complete in project, overwhelming in achievement. . . ."

Of course, he is unfair to the British and the Canadians at times, but these little offences will occasion only smiles. He spells Prevost's name "Provost," but few Canadians will be inclined to resent the insult. On the whole, however, Mr. Lyman has preserved a tolerably accurate picture of the part of the campaign which he has studied, besides making a fairly romantic story.

"Darrel, of the Blessed Isles,"† by Irving Bacheller, comes near to being pure fiction. "Eben Holden" and "D'Ri and I" found many readers in Canada, and the author's newest book should have a similar blessing. Darrel, the clock tinker, is a wit, philosopher and man of mystery. Like Eben Holden, he is a lovable creation; a man endowed by the novelist's art with unusually god-like qualities, yet strong, rugged, manly—a man's man. It is good to know him. His life is a poem, and its story, as Mr. Bacheller tells it, is a poem. The reader without imagination would be foolish to attempt it. The scenes are laid in the country just south of the St. Lawrence, and the story revolves about the mystery of the tinker and the young boy of the unknown parentage whom the tinker befriends.

The historical novel is still with us.

* Trail of the Grand Seigneur, by Olin L. Lyman. Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

† Boston: The Lothrop Publishing Co.

William Stearns Davis has written "A Friend to Cæsar,"* which is a tale of the fall of the Roman Republic. It may prove interesting reading to those who have found Gibbons' four volumes too lengthy and too ponderous. Mr. Stearns attempts a picture of Cæsar and an analysis of the motives which led him to cross the Rubicon, to change from Cæsar the Proconsul to Cæsar the Insurgent, and to Cæsar the Emperor.

"Calvert of Strathore," by Carter Goodloe, is the title of an historical study which the author and the publisher have apparently thought was a novel. If either of them read the MS. one cannot understand how the mistake could have occurred. There is a coloured frontispiece by Howard Chandler Christy, which still further adds to the deception, but surely the public is not so foolish as to buy a novel because it happens to have a Christy frontispiece. As an historical study of the relation of France and America in the Revolutionary period, the book is worth reading.

Guy Boothby's latest novel, "Connie Burt,"* tells of the adventures of a young English aristocrat, whose circumstances make it necessary for him to leave the country. He goes to Australia under an assumed name. The night he leaves England a popular music hall singer is murdered, and while he is at sea he hears some of the ship hands mention the murder, and learns that he, Sir Maurice Ogilvie, is suspected of having committed the terrible deed. The story then goes on to tell how he becomes manager of one of the largest sheep-runs in the country, and in the end proves himself innocent of the charge against him.

"The Chameleon,"† by Jas. Weber Linn, is a flat United States story of doubtful literary value.

"The Man who Lost His Past,"‡ by Frank Richardson, is an English story which is supposed to be funny and is.

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

‡ London: Chatto & Windus.

"The Ballad of the Soul's Desire," by Vernon Knott, is issued by Greening & Co., 20 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

EDUCATIONAL

The Kindergarten is a recognized institution. In it the children combine learning with play. They make "things" in order to know their names and the ideas they represent. Instead of drawing the outlines of a cube on a black-board and telling the pupils it is a cube, the teacher helps the little one to make a cube. So they learn circles, squares, angles, hexagons and trapezoids at five and six years of age. How to carry out this system in the higher classes of the public school is being solved in manual training and other branches of industrial school-activity. A discussion of the reasons for this extension of industrial activity to all school classes, the principles underlying it and the philosophy of it are well set forth in an admirable volume, "The Place of Industries in Elementary Education," by Katherine Elizabeth Dopp.*

CANADIAN PUBLICATIONS

"In the Days of the Red River Rebellion," † by John McDougall, gives a personal account of life and adventure in Western Canada between 1868 and 1872. It is breezy if unpretentious, illuminating if not historical, and readable if not literary.

"Sixty Years in Canada," ‡ by William Weir, is printed and bound in the style of ten years ago, so far behind the times are the publishers of Montreal. It is a collection of reminiscences, historical documents and newspaper clippings compiled by a busy business man without much care for logical arrangement or unity of purpose.

The McGill University Magazine for

* Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.

† Toronto: William Briggs.

‡ Montreal: John Lovell & Son.

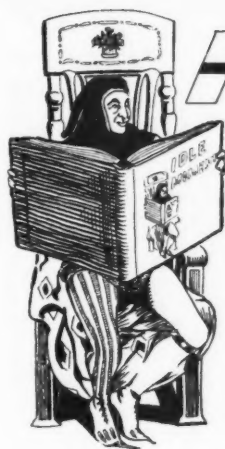
April contains some excellent material. R. C. Jebb replies to Mr. Bourassa's anti-imperialistic articles; Principal Peterson sums up the controversy concerning longer sessions for McGill; D. C. McCallum gives some medical college reminiscences; Helen Rorke continues her study of the habitant, and there are other readable pages. (Montreal: A. T. Chapman.)

The Toronto University publications now total some twenty-five volumes and a list may be secured from the Librarian. The latest addition is in the "Physical Science Series." It contains "Induced Radioactivity Excited in Air at the Foot of Waterfalls," by J. C. McLennan, Ph.D., and "Some Experiments on the Electrical Conductivity of Atmospheric Air," by J. C. McLennan and E. F. Burton.

D. M. Duncan, Classical Master in the Winnipeg Collegiate Institute, has written a most entertaining short "History of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories,"* for use in the Public Schools of the West. Even the general reader will find this volume worth adding to his library. The main facts of the story of the West are clearly and succinctly stated, while the heroes of two two centuries of adventure, exploration and settlement are vividly portrayed. The maps and illustrations add to the interest which Mr. Duncan has infused into his 140 pages.

"The Founder of Christendom" is the title of an address by Professor Goldwin Smith, now published in neat form by George N. Morang & Co. In it the Professor seems to lean to the Unitarian point of view and to regard Christ as a great man and a wonderful peasant prophet. Christ proclaimed a personal God performing actions which are now explained as nature's order. He knew nothing of science, but He is not yet, even after nineteen centuries, displaced by science. Whether He will eventually be displaced the Professor does not undertake to say. The address is written in the Professor's inimitable style.

* Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.



IDLE MOMENTS

THE JEW AND THE ANGLICAN

RABBI GUSTAV GOTTHEIL, who died recently at the age of seventy-six, was quick to think on his feet. His humor was kindly, and his gift of expression of the readiest. Greek met Greek at a friendly dinner one evening, when the talk over the coffee and cigars had taken on a bantering tone, and Bishop Potter essayed a description of a curious dream he had had the night before. Presenting himself at the door of Heaven, he had saluted St. Peter, and then found it necessary to refresh his memory.

"I am Bishop Potter, of New York," he had said.

"I know, but—well, you see—oh, well, come in, Bishop, come in," was the answer.

He had strolled down a street paved with gold and found everything quite to his mind, when, in search for his own particular heaven, he knocked by mistake on the wrong door.

"This is the Hebrew Heaven," said the doorkeeper; follow this street for the Episcopal Heaven and take the second turn to the right."

"Oh, I thank you," said the Bishop. "I beg your pardon for disturbing you. But since I have, perhaps you would let me look about."

Such a concourse of people, the

Bishop told the Rabbi, he had rarely seen; old men and young men, bald heads and curly heads, old women and girls, but, alas! all were neglecting the tabors and the harps—all this assemblage were driving bargains!

"Strange," cried Rabbi Gottheil, "but that is much like a dream I had last night."

The Rabbi also had presented himself before St. Peter.

"I am Rabbi Gottheil," he had said.

"What of that?" was the somewhat snappish rejoinder. "I am St. Peter! Here, somebody open the gates!"

Then the Rabbi, wandering through the golden streets, chose a wrong door and found it was the Episcopal Heaven. Might he look in? He might. Rarely had a more gorgeous sight greeted his eyes. The walls were of jasper, the floor of burnished gold and the ceilings in mosaics of chrysolite and porphyry.

"But, Bishop," said the Rabbi, "it was empty!"—*Selected.*

ROOSEVELT BESTED

Apropos of President Roosevelt's fondness for large families, a story of his experience as Police Commissioner in New York is told by a sergeant. It seems that the wife of a policeman who had just been fined a week's pay for drunkenness appeared one day in the Commissioner's office, accompanied by three neatly dressed and attractive-looking children. Her pitiful story of back rent, which the subtracted wages was to have paid, and the sight of the children moved Mr. Roosevelt's sympathy, and taking out his pocket-book he gave to the woman the am-



SHE—"If there is any thing in the theory of opposites, how did these two ever happen to marry?"

HE—"Quite a romance there. They were together in an accident, fell in the water, you know, and had a great struggle. Of course, that settled it."

SHE—"I should have thought it would have stirred it up."

ount her husband had been fined. The next day the husband appeared at headquarters and was asked by a brother officer:

"Say, how many children have you at home?"

"One," was the reply.

"But your wife was around here yesterday with three children."

"Oh, yes," said the culprit. "She borrowed two of them for the occasion."—*Selected.*

UNCERTAIN

At a social gathering, when he was still Bishop of London, the late Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, was approached by a lady, who came to him in great excitement and said: "Oh, Bishop, my aunt has had a won-

derful escape. She was detained yesterday or she would have been killed in that terrible railway accident. Was it not providential?" "Madam," replied the Bishop, "I do not know your aunt, so I cannot say."—*Selected.*

JUDGE: "You deny persistently that you committed the act, and yet the description fits you exactly—a beautiful face, youthful appearance, pretty little foot."

WOMAN DEFENDANT: "Judge, I confess all."—*Tit-Bits.*

DOCTOR (to Mrs. Perkins, whose husband is ill): "Has he had any lucid intervals?"

MRS. PERKINS (with dignity): "'E's 'ad nothink except what you ordered, doctor!"—*Punch.*

TAILOR MADE

A tailor made a tailor-made,
And for it very well was paid.
'Twas padded, curved and overlaid,
Yet gave no sign of all his aid.
The dame who in it was arrayed
With perfect figure swung and swayed,
Although but eighty pounds she weighed,
Yet with his cotton, cloth and braid
He hid each jutting shoulder blade,
And wondrous plumpness she displayed.
Thus, with his splendid tailor-made
The tailor made a tailor maid.—*Life.*

ANOTHER MEAN MAN

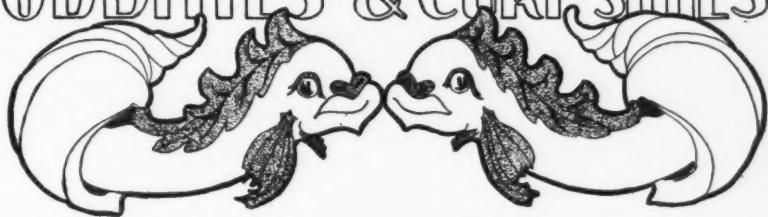
Jinks: "Why do you offer such a large reward for the return of that contemptible pug dog?"

Winks: "To please my wife."

Jinks: "But such a reward will be sure to bring him back."

Winks: "No, it won't. He's dead."

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



HACKNEY ACTION

MANY a man admires a horse, and yet cannot tell anything exact

about the style and conformation which pleases him. What is it that makes one horse worth \$1,500 and another worth \$100, though they are the



SHORT IN ACTION

FIGURE 1

A DAISY CUTTER

FIGURE 2

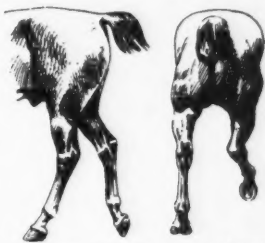
same age, size and weight? The horseman explains the situation in the words "conformation" and "action."

The most pleasing "action" to watch is the Hackney type. Fig. 1 shows two poor actions. "Short in Action" illustrates a horse with moderate style and speed. "A Daisy Cutter" (Fig. 2) is a horse without either of these qualities in any degree, one that shoves his feet along the ground instead of lifting them daintily like the wild deer of the forest. In Figs. 3 and 4 the artist has depicted the free movements now characteristic of stylish Hackneys. The front

leg moves out straight from the shoulder, while the foot turns up easily until it nearly reaches the inside of the

shoulder at the finish of each stride. For rear action the truest type is that shown in Fig. 4. The angles are graceful in motion, free

and easy, and the propulsive power great. As a general rule there are more animals defective in the hock than in their fore action, and many a promising youngster has been relegated to the wrong side of the post just because it has failed in this, the primary feature of a harness horse. The reason why so much importance has been attached to good action, on the part of the breeder, is that good-looking horses with no action are a drug in the market, while a mean horse with no showy qualities beyond his



NO HACKNEY BLOOD HERE

GOING WIDE BEHIND

FIGURE 5



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

FIGURE 3



FLEXING THE HOCKS

FIGURE 4

action can always find a purchaser at a good price. It is action that sells. A hunting man, of course, regards true Hackney action as a thing to be avoided, but then the characteristics and the purpose of the two types of animals are so much at variance that his views have been moulded in a different school.

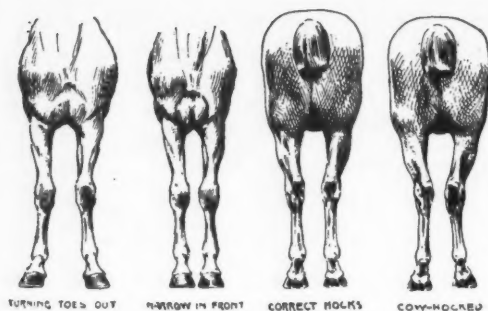


FIGURE 6

In Fig. 5 two defective styles are shown. One of the commonest defects of Hackney action is that of going wide. Apart altogether from its unsightliness, it is evident that the animal which does not keep its hocks close together has neither the propulsive power, nor are his legs calculated to stand the wear and tear of ordinary work for a lengthened period. Where this weakness is very pronounced, it is frequently the result of internal trouble. Another defect which is sometimes seen is what is known as the cow hock (Fig. 6); it is most unsightly when the animal is in a standing position. It is not, however, such a serious defect as the open hock, yet it very materially lowers the animal's chances in good company. The artist has sketched one or two other positions, and by a simple diagram shows how the correct angle of the hind legs (Fig. 7) may be ascertained.

The conformation of the horse has a great deal to do with the perfection or otherwise of its movements, and the horse which is narrow in front and turns its toes (Fig. 6) in can never be expected to make a perfect display with such imperfect formation. Many a notable animal, which has

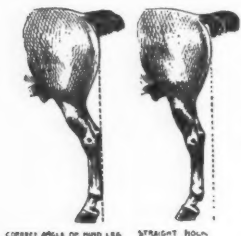


FIGURE 7

figured prominently in prize lists, has suffered from this physical defect, which has just been sufficiently apparent to prevent entry into the first flight in the show-ring. Conversely the animal which turns its toes out is invariably open at the knees in his action, and that is a very ungainly and reprehensible characteristic.

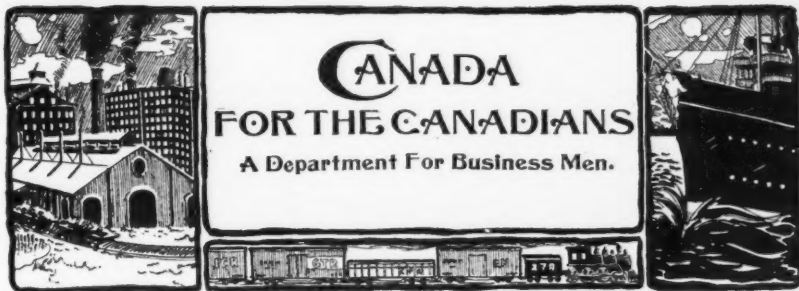
The Hackney is a beautiful animal, and is rapidly gaining ground as a show animal. Besides, a perfect hackney will do excellent road-work in spite of his flourishes, since there must be *range* as well as *height* in the action in order to satisfy modern ideals.

LUCKY HORSESHOES

Horseshoes, which have been regarded for centuries as dispensers of good luck, are being used for table decorations. When silvered or gilded, and made to stand up with the addition of a little wire, they make a very good frame for a menu. Everyone knows, of course, that the finding of a horseshoe is, under certain circumstances, supposed to be an augury of good fortune, but probably few are familiar with the origin of this belief. It was all due to the action of St. Dunstan, the patron saint of farriers. According to the legend, St. Dunstan seized the evil one with his red-hot pincers, and refused to release his prisoner until Satan promised that he would never work mischief where a horseshoe is displayed.

THE AUTOMOBILE IN SWITZERLAND

Switzerland is the country "par excellence" for coaching and mails by motor, and arrangements are being made under which it is expected that within three years there will not be a horse left in the coaching or mail service in any Alpine district of Switzerland. A great move forward in this direction will be made this spring.



IN April, 1902, 3,095 Britishers sailed for Canada; in April, 1903, 9,763 made the wise decision and took steamboat for this part of the Empire. During the first four months of 1902, 6,554 colonists left for Canada; while during the same period of the present year the number is 21,643. Australia is out of the running altogether, while South Africa got only 18,811.

The new Canadian offices in London and the new Canadian agents in London and elsewhere are doing good work. The Hon. Mr. Sifton is to be congratulated. His business-like policy is productive of excellent results.

And dear Mr. Colmer, C.M.G., has left us as a result of the transformation. He is gone with a presentation from his colleagues and a banquet at which Sir Gilbert Parker presided. Perhaps the colleagues who were so generous to Mr. Colmer will not be so fortunate when they leave—which will no doubt be shortly.

Apropos of this, it may be mentioned that one of these "colleagues" recently sent a letter to a Canadian in London asking for the names of two or three Canadian short-story writers. Apparently this official has not been reading THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE or keeping it on file, else he had been able to furnish the names of twenty or twenty-five very fair writers.

All Canadian story-writers are hereby advised to send their names and addresses to the Canadian offices in

London where the information will be gratefully received, duly wrapped in red tape and forgotten. But perhaps this is uncharitable.

The number of homestead entries in the West for the first four months of 1903 has been over 10,000. Comparative figures are as follows:

	1902.	1903.
January	809	1,109
February	928	1,165
March	1,207	2,325
April	2,078	4,675
Total	5,022	10,274

During the whole of 1901 there were about 9,000 entries. The largest number of entries are at Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, Prince Albert, Yorkton and Red Deer.

On May 9th it was announced that arrangements had been completed between the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Government of Nova Scotia, the city of Sydney, and the Dominion, by which the Steel Company will accept from the two former the bonus offered for the erection of a shipbuilding plant, and from the last named the bonus offered for the establishment of a dry dock. From the city of Sydney the Steel Company will receive \$250,000, from the Government of Nova Scotia \$100,000, and from the Dominion Government toward the erection of a dry dock \$1,000,000.

The idea of having a Dominion ship-

yard is an excellent one, but that is no reason why the Dominion Government should bonus one with a cash gift. The proper bonus would be an order for one or more battleships to be built on commission as British war vessels are. A cash bonus is rank nonsense. It has proven so in the case of the railways, in the case of various large bridges such as the Quebec Bridge, and in every other instance where it has been tried. Surely the steel bounties have taught Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding a lesson. Or is Mr. Fielding lenient because this is a Nova Scotia industry? Will Mr. R. L. Borden's criticism be mild for the same reason? It is hard to think that the announcement is true. At present it may safely be considered a "feeler" put out by those anxious to secure a slice of the millions now rolling into the Dominion Treasury.

New Zealand recently received a setback when a new loan was offered to the British public. All Australian loans are now regarded suspiciously also, because they have been flying their kites rather high under the Southern Cross. In Canada more modesty has been shown. The franchise has not been given to women, nor has the Government assumed the general debts and obligations of the citizens. A few millions are given to favoured individuals occasionally, and another "divide" will be announced soon with Senator Cox as the recipient of the largest slice of cake. Yet our credit has been kept at Lloyd's or some other part of London, and our loans are well regarded by investors. This year Canada has already collected eleven million more than she has spent and the year is not yet closed. The national debt will be reduced a few millions shortly, just as an object lesson to the other parts of the Empire.

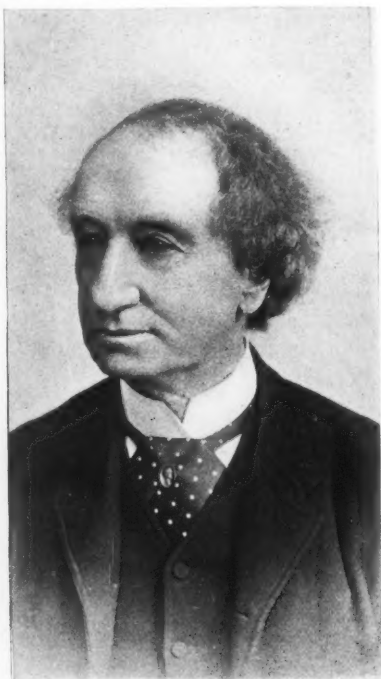
Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Postmaster-General of Great Britain, thinks he may possibly be able to reduce the rate of postage on British newspapers and

periodicals mailed to Canada. The rate is now fourpence or eight cents a pound. When Mr. Chamberlain took his portfolio last year his officials told him to say "No, sir;" now he says "Perhaps." Those Chamberlains are quick learners and fine students. Such progress in one year is most exceptional in an Englishman of the governing class.

When Mr. Munsey floated his New York publications last year at \$10,000,000, he received a number of applications for stock from Canada. Quite a large sum of Canadian investment money went in that direction. So it should when United States magazines come in here free of duty while Canadian magazines and periodicals have to pay from 25 to 35 per cent. duty on the unprinted paper. Our purchases of United States periodicals total about three millions yearly, or about twenty times as much as our purchases of native periodicals.

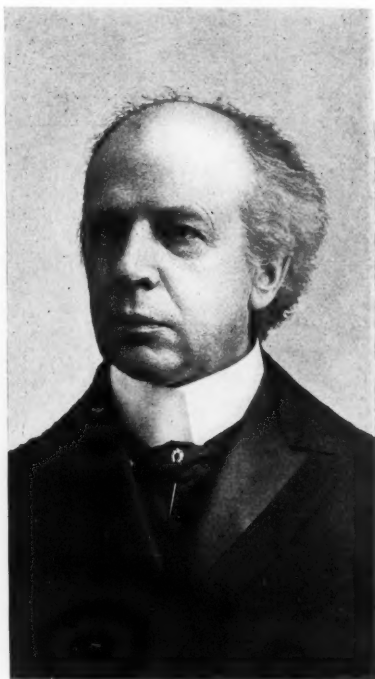
Canada is looked upon as a narrow strip of fertile country bounded on the north by a wide strip of frozen and barren lands. It was once thought that Edmonton was the farthest habitable point in the Northwest, but, strange as it may seem, the Hudson's Bay Co. last year built a flour mill 400 miles north of Edmonton. In other words, this new flour mill for grinding wheat is 600 miles north of Calgary on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Peace River Valley promises to be a very prosperous part of the Northwest.

The development of Canadian trade is shown by the increased freight earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railway. During the year ending June 30, 1901, they were \$18,983,186; in 1902, they rose to \$24,199,428; for 1903, President Shaughnessy expects they will total \$28,000,000. The amount of grain carried increased 60 per cent. in 1902 over 1901, while 1903 will show a further increase of 97 per cent.



RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD
G.C.B., P.C., ETC.

FIRST PREMIER OF CANADA AFTER CONFEDER-
ATION. DIED JUNE 6TH, 1891



RT. HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER
G.C.M.G., P.C., ETC.

PRESENT PREMIER OF CANADA, FIRST TAKING
OFFICE IN JULY, 1896

PHOTO BY PITTAWAY

CANADA'S GREATEST STATESMEN

FRONTISPIECE JULY CANADIAN MAGAZINE